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## OUR DIFFICULTIES AND PROSPECTS.

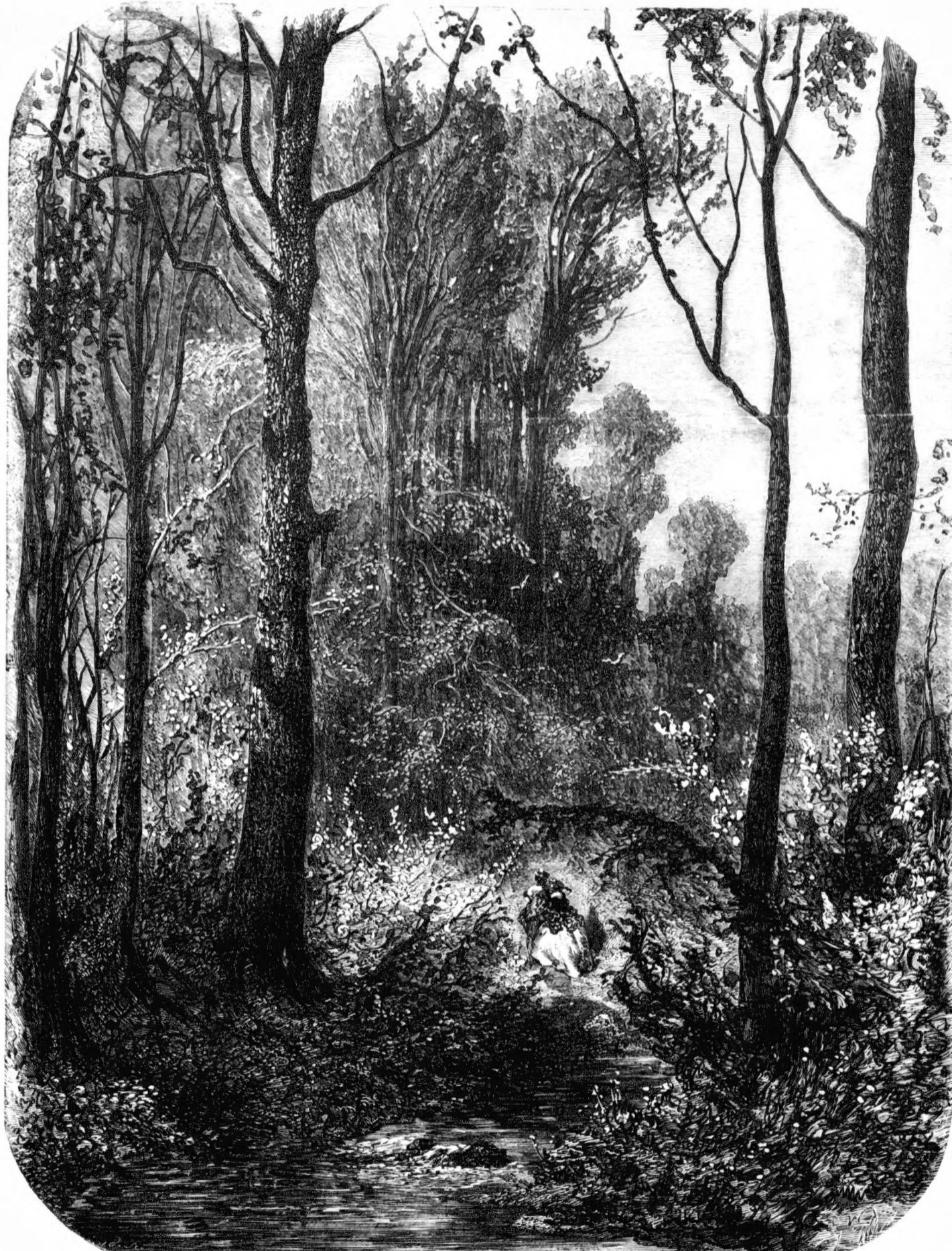
THE mutiny in India is an event which, by its immense consequences in both hemispheres, rises altogether out of the level of ordinary occurrences. It is therefore unnecessary to apologise for again and again resuming the discussion of it, especially as at present we have no domestic or party politics of the least consequence to interrupt us. And that discussion may with propriety be divided into two heads: the effect of the mutiny in Europe, and the effect of it in Asia.

It is now quite plain that when once all the forces necessary for India have left the country, we shall have no standing army worthy the name. Our present force—consisting of the survivors of the Crimea and the recruits of the Russian war—is no doubt in first-rate condition, and enjoys the friendly feeling of the country more than any army for years past. But to make it up after the drain of the first winter before Sebastopol, we had to draw upon the population in a way which markedly affected the height and personal appearance of our regiments, and which had its consequences in the attack on the Redan. To add to it, in large numbers, once more, and in a cause which in the nature of things can never be so widely popular as the great contest of 1854-5, will be a work of time and difficulty. In the meanwhile, is it not inevitable that our position in Europe will be affected by this weakening of our force? Last week we had occasion to show that the subservience of Government to the Court of France was a striking feature in the political position. We are into a new war, at the same time that we are giving up the results of the old one; for, in the Moldavian affair, we have thrown our influence into the scale against the Porte. France is in the ascendant, and she is in harmony with Russia. But consider, also, the effect of our position in other parts. Whatever the shortcomings of our Ministries, the name of Britain is still associated in Europe with freedom and improvement. Our "difficulty," then, whoever else's "opportunity" it may be, is conspicuously the opportunity of what

may be called the Bomba interest. It will therefore stultify our vast professions of sympathy in the liberal line, and proportionably strengthen every Power in Europe that rules by mere force. But, what is still more important, we cannot but fear that any known weakness of England has a constant tendency to destroy the equilibrium of European affairs. What if Napoleon should think this mess of

Well, it is one thing in our favour that at home people are at once in a position and in a frame of mind to set about their task hopefully. The harvest, though somewhat spoiled, is still extraordinarily rich. The spirit of the country as regards wars and rumours of wars is high. There is no disaffection at all of a character to embarrass any Government. Economy is popular, but there is no disposition to grudge money for matters in which the national honour and greatness are involved. Such conditions give Government no excuse for failing to meet the crisis; and, as Parliament is rising, they cannot plead being embarrassed by "talk."

Let us first ask, therefore, what is to be done about forces? Recruiting is in progress—part of the militia is to be called out. So far, so good. But a suggestion has made its appearance this week for a permanent addition to the army—such as would prevent our being in these straits at every temporary need of a force. This is not to be acceded to without much deliberation; but if it prove necessary, should, we think, be accompanied by a series of measures intended to make the service more popular. There is *prima facie*, no reason why, as a nation increases in wealth and population, its standing army should not increase likewise. In these days, no country can be defended except scientifically, and a scientific defence is worth any money—indeed, cannot properly be estimated at money's worth. But a large increase of the army will largely increase expenses, which are every year swelling as it is; and unfortunately we have never yet made the wisest use possible of the means at our disposal. If this proposal is to come to anything, it must come accompanied by a large measure of military reform; and, meanwhile, there exists, without going beyond the militia, the means of establish-



UNDER THE TREES.—(DRAWN BY GUSTAVE DORE.)

ours had anything to do with his star! What if other Powers should connect our mismanagement in India with that in the Crimea! The reader easily sees that great perils may come out of the present posture of affairs; and that the wise plan is to consider them, and take precautions in time.

ing a force capable—in conjunction with a good navy—of maintaining the country in security against any danger at all likely to rise, according to present appearances. It would be wiser, we think, to make the navy the great object of care. At present we are poorly supplied with a naval force, and when a sudden demand for ships springs up, there will as-

suredly be a difficulty in getting men. This arises from the abundance of employment in the mercantile service owing to the increase of commerce, and from the failure hitherto of our schemes for keeping up a reserved force of men. It would be a good measure of precaution gradually to form a strong squadron at home, if only as a reservoir of seamen, in case of our requiring to send out a naval expedition.

Turning now to the latest aspect of affairs in India, we see no reason to retract anything we have said of the gravity of the crisis. That Delhi should not have fallen may be very natural, but it is a sign of our weakness; and the total extinction of the Bengal army can be attributed to nothing but some fundamental rottenness of system altogether out of comparison with common evils. Nothing fails so thoroughly as an attempt to make it out that one or the other evil was the "cause" of the outbreak—cartridges, or caste, or annexation, or what not. Like a great fire, it has evidently been fed with all sorts of various material. Were "annexation," for instance, the great grievance, we should find that the most disturbed districts were those where annexation had been most recent. Were "religion" the great one, we should scarcely find such concert between Mahometan and Hindoo. But it is easy to understand how each of these and a half-score more grounds of complaint may have come into furious play under this condition as a general basis, viz., a bad system of government. And we defy anybody to "explain" the revolt apart from that. The Company seem to have lost the *sr.* We don't believe that there has ever been practised by the English there that deliberate cruelty, which, in many cases in history, has provoked retribution. But it is a quite separate thing, whether they have not carelessly and superciliously isolated themselves from the natives—stupidly dawdled over work demanding care, unchfulness, and tact—left native officials a pretty free range of unexamined tyranny—and so sunk into a routine only to be broken by an earthquake. And this is the state of things revealed in a remarkable private letter by Sir Charles Napier lately published. "The young cadet learns nothing; he drinks; he lives exclusively with his own countrymen. . . . There is not a regiment here that moves whose march is not one of horrible oppression . . . from the system of Government." Why seek laboured explanations, if facts like these be true? And, above all, how accut for the supineness of men whose office it was to govern India, and who knew what Sir Charles Napier thought of "the system," and yet disregarded it, except on the supposition that they were totally, nay, even brutally unfit, for the government of empires?

The Company has proved itself unfit to govern India, and we must henceforth look to the Crown and a popular system of patronage as the true sources of power in that part of the world. But because this Company has so blundered, that is no reason why these military ruffians of yesterday—unfit on any theory to govern themselves—should have manifested their *osa* in the form of low, cowardly, and traitorous murder. No hing excuses them; and the English writers who are trying it only degrade themselves to their level. For them, the yallows; for the system, reform and purification; for England, a valiant resolution to fight it out abroad while guarding herself at home. Such are, and ought to be, the aspirations of every man who, in these days of failure, still cherishes faith and a pride in his native land.

#### UNDER THE TREES.

THE engraving on the preceding page might fairly pass without a word of comment. We have, however, extracted a few appropriate stanzas to accompany it from a recent volume of poems by Charles Mackay, bearing the singularly happy title of "Under Green Leaves":—

COME thou, sweet Lady of my heart!  
My other self, and dearest!  
If there be music in the woods,  
Come, tell me if thou hearest.  
  
If there be spirits in the trees,  
Thine eyes, with inward lustre  
Caught from the fountains of thy soul,  
Will see them as they cluster.  
Thou hastest—seest! Oh! my love,  
Thy sympathy enhances  
All joys I feel, and turns to truths  
My shadow of romance.  
  
The west wind roaming through the woods,  
With briery odours laden,  
Breathes gently, as from every tree  
Our steps a spirit maiden—  
Th' immortal Dryads,—old as Greece,  
But youthful as this minute,  
And lovely as the loveliest thing,  
That moves and sparkles in it!  
  
Barefooted, in their robes of green,  
Blue-eyed, with tresses golden,  
By none but those whom fancy loves,  
In all their pomp beholding;  
We see them on the sunny slope,  
And, erudite as childhood,  
Love, for their sakes, each teeming tree  
That blossoms in the wild wood.

#### Foreign Intelligence.

##### FRANCE.

THE *feu* Napoleon of this year has been signalised by the inauguration of the new Louvre, a ceremony which we have elsewhere described. The Emperor, on occasion of the *feu* (which was marred by bad weather), granted pardons, commutations, or reduction of punishments, to 1,142 persons confined at the bagues and other penitentiary establishments. Many additions were also made to the Legion of Honour.

By Imperial decree is granted a medal to every French and foreign soldier or seaman who served in the French army or navy from the year 1792 to 1815. The medal is to be of bronze, and will bear on one side the effigy of the Emperor, and on the other the words, "Campaigns of 1792 to 1815—To his companions of glory, his last night, 5th of May, 1821."

The Emperor and Empress left Paris for St. Cloud on Saturday evening, and on Monday morning went on to Biarritz.

Baron Hubner, the Austrian Ambassador in Paris, had an interview on Thursday, the 13th inst., with the Minister for Foreign Affairs. It is said that his Excellency communicated the fact of the withdrawal of the opposition of his Government to the annulling of the elections, and that generally the result of the conversation was satisfactory.

Count de Nesselrode has left Paris to return to St. Petersburg.

It is generally asserted and believed in Paris, that in case the Government succeed in procuring the conviction of M. Ledru Rollin for conspiracy, a demand will at once be made to the English Cabinet, under the extradition treaty, for the apprehension and surrender of that person.

The Count Rynéval is to be appointed French Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg, and will be succeeded at Berlin by the Duke de Grammont, now at Turin.

##### AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria has recommended his journey in Hungary, interrupted on the 29th of May by the death of his eldest daughter, the Archduchess Sophia. The Empress does not on this occasion accompany him, as, of course, she is unable to assist at the festivities to take place during the progress of the Emperor.

Austrian letters represent the Government of that empire as disposed to abstain from defending the elections in the Principalities, but decided to use all means to prevent the union. The "Austrian Gazette," in a leading article, says that England, Austria, and Turkey, in consenting to the recommendation of the Moldavian elections, made to France a concession of mere form. It adds that the new elections will have the same result as the first—that is, the majority of the electors will pronounce against the union.

##### RUSSIA.

The Russian Government has resolved on reducing the Imperial Guard by 30,000 men. Each regiment will lose a colonel, and be reduced to 800 men, and a reduction throughout the whole army is considered probable.

We also hear that the Russian Government is at the same time paying great attention to her navy. A letter from St. Petersburg of August 10th, says:—"For some time past it has been rumoured that the Russian Government did not intend to remain an idle spectator of the events in China, but to take an active part in them when opportunity should offer. To give greater weight to the Russian representative it is proposed to send a flotilla to the Chinese waters. Count Poutjaline, who did such good service at the time of the expedition to Japan, has been selected to represent Russia, but only for the purposes of the present difference. This diplomat will embark for China almost immediately, the flotilla, which is organising at Cronstadt, being nearly ready to sail."

##### ITALY.

THE State prosecutions at Genoa were to be commenced without further delay. Two advocates, Messrs. Giuriati and Vare, have been arrested in Turin on suspicion of having been concerned in the plot of the 29th of June, and were sent on the 6th to Genoa for examination before the Court of Inquiry. Some other searches have been made both at Turin and Genoa lately, but without producing any additional evidence apparently, as all the persons subjected to search were soon afterwards released.

##### TURKEY AND THE EAST.

THE electoral question had thrown a political gloom over Constantinople; and the news that France, Russia, Prussia, and Sardinia had broken off relations with the Porte, caused a monetary panic, almost. The French Embassy deemed it decorous to give a certain solemnity to its breach of relations with the Porte by causing the *Ajaccio*, the French steamboat, to fire 21 guns, by way of a salute when the French flag was being lowered at the Ambassador's palace. The farewell visit which M. de Thouvenel paid the Sultan was returned by Akif Bey, his Majesty's master of the ceremonies. As M. de Thouvenel descended in the steamer to Therapin, he passed the Russian steamers the *Philoclete* and the *Pruth*. A mutual salutation ensued by hoisting and lowering their respective flags, whilst each Russian steamer fired a salute of 21 guns, so as to render the ceremony more imposing.

There was a rumour that Prince Vogorides would be recalled to Constantinople, to give an account of the Moldavian elections.

The report that the Porte had remitted a diplomatic note to the English cabinet, protesting against the occupation of the Isle of Perim, is confirmed.

There was danger of an insurrection in Arabistan. The authorities had sent for reinforcements, and the Porte ordered Ismael Pacha to proceed thither. But this officer, says the correspondent of a daily journal, "has gone to the War Ministry, and positively declined to assume the command, unless the troops are paid up their arrears, which have been suffered to accumulate for the last sixteen, or, as some assert, twenty-four months."

Troubles have occurred three leagues distance from Jerusalem. Twenty-two persons have been killed, amongst whom are some women.

Schamyl is said to have retaken a portion of Daghestan from the Russians, and to have intercepted the communications between Kozlak and Derbent.

##### CHINA.

BESIDE the occupation of a fort, the rumoured abdication of the Emperor, and the report that the Viceroy of Canton had issued another proclamation calling the people to arms, we have little news from China.

The naval exploits have of course been upon a smaller scale since the 1st of June. The *Sampson*, however, managed to secure five pirate junks which had sent detachments on shore to plunder a village. On the approach of the *Sampson*'s boats, the pirates as usual fired their guns and jumped overboard; but the villagers, meanwhile, had turned out to see the fight, and as the pirates landed they were all knocked on the head with bamboo poles. Captain Corbett also, in the *Inflexible*, got hold of a pirate—a notorious scourge.

Ten junks laden with rice were sailing gaily up the river to Canton, when it was intimated to the Commodore that they had very much the cut of mandarin junks. They were accordingly detained. Great was the indignation of the Chinese at Hong Kong. They were declared to be Hong Kong property. Innocent traders were being ruined! There ought, at least, to have been some notice of a blockade. "Why for you no sens chi?" Orders were sent to release them; but Keppel, who is tenacious in his opinions, was not quite satisfied. He ordered some of the rice bags to be brought on deck, and when this was done the junks were found to have each a fair cargo of guns, soldiers' jackets, and other warlike stores—including, it is said, several cases of revolvers.

Mr. Tarrant, of Hong Kong, revived the subject of the poisonings by bringing an action against Alun for selling unwholesome bread. The Attorney-General, abandoning all suggestion of guilty knowledge in the defendant, rested his case upon the common law obligation cast upon a baker to sell only bread fit for the food of man. The presence of arsenic was fully proved, and the jury returned a verdict for 1,000 dollars.

The French squadron had sailed for Hong Kong. Lord Elgin had embarked at Singapore for China.

##### AMERICA.

THE administration intend immediately to increase the African squadron, the slave trade being largely on the increase. On the 2nd Lord Napier had a long interview with General Cass on the subject.

It is now stated that no opposition will be made by Brigham Young to the execution of the laws by the Federal officers. Brigham Young has sent the President a Mormon newspaper, with an article (official, of course) marked on the margin, in which Brigham Young's policy is set forth as entirely peaceful, and subordinate to the United States laws.

The coloured people of Brooklyn celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of the emancipation from slavery of the negroes of British West India, in the Methodist Church, Bridge Street, on the 3rd inst. The exercises consisted of prayer, songs, and addresses. The attendance was very large.

The Indian troubles in Minnesota are creating some apprehension.

##### INAUGURATION OF THE NEW LOUVRE.

THE new Louvre was inaugurated with great ceremony on Friday week, the 14th. A host of soldiers, National Guards, Zouaves, a sprinkling of the Grenadiers of the Guard, a regiment of the Line, and of course the crack cavalry, the Cossacks, &c., were present. Many of the workmen also took part in the ceremony, but they were dressed in bourgeois, and not in their ordinary blouses, which would have had a much better effect. Before the ceremony, the sky was cloudy, and the rain fell; but a sunny afternoon followed.

The proceedings, apart from the display, were characterised with much simplicity, and were concluded in a few minutes. At about two o'clock the Emperor and the Empress arrived in the gallery prepared for the occasion, where the members of the Imperial family and other high personages were assembled. The Minister of State, M. Fould, then laid before their Majesties an address setting forth the magnificent nature of the monument which was about to be inaugurated, and depicting the absence of some of the architects, whose abilities had greatly contributed to the realisation of the project, but who had not lived to witness the day of triumph.

The Emperor then, bestowing decorations and medals on the principal architects, and on the workmen who had chiefly distinguished themselves, rose and pronounced a speech. The realisation of the Louvre project, he said, had been the ambition of every Government since the time of Francis the First, even of the ephemeral Government of 1815; and now at a period when France was in possession of political order the exclamation of three hundred years was justified.

The Emperor, who wore the uniform of a general officer, looked remarkably well. The Empress, on the other hand, looked pale, and as if suffering from slight indisposition.

##### THE REVOLT IN INDIA.

THE last number of the "Illustrated Times" contained the intelligence that Delhi was still in the hands of the insurgents, that they had been repeatedly beaten before the walls of the city, that to the list of revolted stations were to be added the names of Moradabad, Fyzabad, Seetapore, Azore, Bunda, Futtigur, Mhow, Indore, &c., with other matters of first importance. We have now to add some particulars.

##### THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

We have nothing from Delhi later than the 27th or 28th of June. But we learn from various points of the Panjab that at that date reinforcements of troops of all arms were rapidly converging upon Delhi. General Barnard's forces numbered some 8,000 Europeans and 5,000 natives; and by the end of the month the General expected to find himself strengthened by fully 3,500 men, including the 8th Foot and a wing of the 61s, a troop and two batteries of Artillery, and some Punjab and other Irregulars, horse and foot. Within a week or ten days from his receiving this augmentation to his force, he would, it was believed, deliver the grand assault. No regular approaches had been or would be made; there has not been strength enough for that. The affair would be managed, it was believed, by blowing open a gate and entering at the point of the bayonet. The best informed men in the camp entertained no doubt that the assault would be successful. Our men, both Europeans and natives, though hard worked, were well and in capital spirits, while the pluck of the mutineers was evidently on the wane. Their attacks, which were at first of almost daily occurrence, and were conducted with great determination and perseverance, had become rare and feeble.

We have already recorded the affairs of the 8th and 9th. On the 10th came another assault, met and repulsed like that of the day before, this time principally by the Gorkhas. On the morning of the 12th, a most determined and well-planned assault was made upon both extremities of our line at once. On the right, at Hindoo Rao's house, the attack was promptly defeated, and the troops at that post (600 Gorkhas and Guides) slew considerable numbers of the enemy—fifty of them in one garden, it is said. But on the left there seems to have been something of a surprise. The flank of the position was in imminent danger of being turned. But the nine-pounder battery in the centre opened fire, supports were brought up rapidly, and at length, though not till after a hard fight of two hours, the enemy gave way at all points. On the day following a large enclosure in advance of our left, known as Metcalfe House, was occupied by our troops, and the erection of a battery of heavy guns and mortars commenced. Against this battery a sortie was directed on the 15th, but was repulsed without difficulty, as had been another earlier in the same day against our right.

On the 17th an affair took place in which we were the assailants. That morning a shot from the city struck the corner of Hindoo Rao's house, and, glancing off, killed Lieutenant Wheatley, of the late 54th, attached to the Gorkhas, and (it is said) six men. Having this advanced post of ours well under fire in front, the enemy determined to attempt it also in flank, and for this purpose commenced on the 17th to throw up a battery outside the western gate of the town. There they were attacked that same afternoon by Major Tombs' troop of horse artillery, some cavalry, rifles, and Gorkhas, and beaten out of the place with the loss of the only gun they had had time to bring out, all their ammunition, and, perhaps, 100 lives. For this achievement the Major received high commendation from General Barnard, who rode over to his position for the purpose.

Two days later—on the 19th—appeared the mutineers from Nussabad, the 1st 15th and 30th Regiments, with the battery of artillery that the Bombay lancers vainly attempted to rescue, and made an audacious sally into the rear of our lines. They were encountered at first by the troops of the Rajah of Jhool, who behaved extremely well, and afterwards by the 9th lancers and artillery. On the following morning they renewed the attack, and were finally repulsed with upwards of 200 killed. Our loss was, however, severe. Colonel Yule, of the 9th lancers, was killed, and Lieutenant Humphrys, in the late 20th, and Alexander, of the late 3rd. The 21st and 22nd were quiet, so far as sorties are concerned, though the batteries on either side were busy as usual; but on the 23rd, "the enemy attacked us," so runs the message sent to Lahore, "in great force from the Subzee Mundee side (on our right flank and rear), and fought most desperately the whole day long. They had a strong position in a village and among the garden walls. Our loss has been great for us, but the loss of the mutineers has been very considerable." Later accounts say that the enemy's dead were counted at the end of the day by hundreds, the aggregate being estimated at not less than 1,000. This terrible defeat appeared to have cowed their spirit, for the three following days they never showed outside the walls, and when, on the 27th, they did come out, they confined themselves to distant skirmishing, appearing entirely to have lost the vigour and resolution that had characterised their behaviour on former occasions.

It was said, on good authority, that the rebels had been firing two 24-pounders to every 18-pounder of ours. They have the largest arsenal in India, 200,000 lbs. of powder, many millions of percussion caps, and hundreds of thousands of rounds of ammunition. Their practice has been as good as ours—if not better. We have been very short of artillerymen. One day a party of the 9th lancers attacked and took some of the enemy's guns, and worked them for the rest of the day, bringing them into the camp in the evening amid loud and well-deserved cheers.

##### THE ENGAGEMENTS AT SIRSA.

General Van Cortlandt, with his flying column, arrived on the 19th of June at the village of Khyrakee, near Sirsa, where he found the insurgents had taken up a strong position. There are two villages, with a road passing between them; the General attacked both villages at once, commanding the road with his guns. In the course of two hours he gained possession of the villages; killing 200 of the rebels, and taking many prisoners. The loss on the General's side was but slight. This severe example will doubtless have a most beneficial effect.

##### SPREAD OF THE MUTINY.

Meanwhile, the disintegration of the Bengal army is complete. Only sixteen or seventeen line regiments out of seventy-four were, at last advices, bearing arms for the Company. In the Punjab, which remained perfectly quiet, two more regiments intended for service either with the moveable column or against Delhi, the 33rd and 55th, have been disarmed at Phialoor. The 29th, at Moradabad, followed the general example. Fortunately the men of these corps had not got to Delhi; when last heard of, they were detained on the further side of the Ganges, prevented from crossing by the rise of the river. All the officers of the 29th escaped. Lower down the Ganges, at Futtigur, the 10th Native Infantry had long maintained its loyalty, though surrounded by mutiny on every side. At last they broke, but without doing violence to their officers or the general body of residents. A horrid story, however, is current that the fugitives—132 in number—on their passage down the river in boats were interrupted near Cawnpore, dragged on shore, and massacred. At Cawnpore itself, the three native infantry regiments and the one of cavalry had already mutinied. Sir Henry Wheeler has, however, maintained his position there. Colonel Neill has done good service in the Valley of the Ganges, as at Benares and Allahabad. At the latter station, with a small body of his men and the loyal Sikh Regiment of Ferozepore, he inflicted upon the mutineers a loss so severe as effectually to quiet their spirit and to introduce a tranquillity that has not since been disturbed. Indeed, from Allahabad downwards to Coddutta all may be considered safe. A large army was to be concentrated at Allahabad.

As for Oude, it may be said that the whole of the contingent is gone—nor the contingent only, but also the 22nd Native Infantry at Fyzabad, with a company of native artillery. These latter troops treated their officers with respectful deference, and supplied them with boats to escape down the river Gogra, which joins the Ganges at Dinaore. On the passage down the fugitives were attacked, and several, it is feared, killed. Sir Henry Lawrence, with the 32nd and artillery, and such of the native portion of the Lucknow force as has remained stanch, still held the capital. From the large civil station of Futtigur, between Allahabad and Cawnpore, the residents fled across the Ganges to Ban'a, where the Nawab received and entertained them kindly. But they had not been there many days when, on the 14th of June, the detachment of native infantry and the Nawab's troops rose together, and they fled to Nagode, which all of them

reached in safety. The important station of Saugor, with the 31st and 22d Native Infantry and 3rd Irregular Cavalry, is gone, though the English company of artillery, with its guns, and we hope the unarmed residents also, are safe in the fort. Jubbulpore, where the 52nd Native Infantry is stationed, is certain to go too.

We are come to Central India. Here the whole of the Gwalior Corps—artillery, cavalry, and infantry—is up. The majority of the officers, with their wives and children, reached Agra in safety, but several are reported to have fallen. Whether or no Scindia has identified himself with the cause of his mutinous soldiery was not known. "He may be caught, perhaps," says the "Times" correspondent, "or even probably is; for the old woman, his adoptive grandmother (I believe this is the relation between them), who goes by the name of the Bye-za-lye, is undoubtedly busy bringing to bear against us her implacable zeal and her well-stocked treasury."

The capital of Holkar, no less than the capital of his rival, has been the scene of revolt. Two of his personal regiments mutinied at Indore on the 1st of July. On the morning of that day Colonel Durand, the acting resident, observing suspicious symptoms, despatched an express to Mhow for the European battery at that station, commanded by Captain Hungerford. That officer set out at once, but was met on the road by a counter-order, informing him that the anticipated mutiny had broken out, and that Colonel Durand had fled. Captain Hungerford retraced his steps to Mhow, but the news from Indore arrived there with or before him, and that same evening the 23rd Native Infantry rose, with the right wing of the 1st Cavalry, of which the left had already mutinied at Neemuch. Colonel Plat, of the 23rd, fell, with his adjutant, Fagan, and Major Harris, commanding the cavalry. The rest of the officers, with the women and children and Captain Hungerford with his guns, got safely into the fort, and the mutineers, after firing the cantonments, decamped. Without a day's delay Holkar sent down a special messenger to the Bombay Government, informing them of his regret at what had taken place, assuring them that he should always be what he had hitherto been, the faithful friend of the English, and promising to raise fresh and trustworthy levies for the punishment of the mutineers and the preservation of order. Nor has he confined himself to mere pretensions of loyalty. He has proved his sincerity by sending his treasure, to the amount of twenty-four lacs of rupees, into the fort of Mhow, where Captain Hungerford was opposing a stout front to the danger. The country round was reported tranquil, Colonel Durand was safe at Sehore, in the Bhopal country, and on hearing of Holkar's fidelity, and of the departure of the mutinous regiments for Delhi, would doubtless return to Indore.

The loyalty of Holkar has been of the last importance to our cause in Central India. The very rumour that the mutiny at Indore was his doing, was at once sufficient to rouse more than one of the petty chiefs of Malwa, the Rajah of Dhar (to the westward) has been bestowing his scurvy little self. His neighbour of Anjhera actually had the audacity to pounce upon the town of Bhopar, where is located the British residency for these little States, and to imprison the officials. His course, however, will soon run. Not only was force moving from Baroda of Bhowra Infantry and Gwalior's guns, but Holkar, among his other good deeds, was sending a body of well-affected troops from his side, so that the little rajah was imminently likely to be dispossessed of his raj.

#### THE CIVILITY OF REVOLT.

The singular conduct of the 22d Regiment, which revolted at Fyzabad, we have above noticed. They guarded their officers and their bungalows after mutinying; placed sentries over magazines and all public property; sent out pickets to prevent the townspeople and servants from looting; held a council of war, in which the cavalry (Fisher's Irregular) proposed to kill the officers, but the 22d objected, and informed the officers that they would be allowed to leave, and might take with them their private arms and property, but no public property, as that all belonged to the King of Oude. Their officers asked for boats: the rebel commissary-general, a Rassadar, was ordered to provide them. He did so, but merely small dingies, so that they could only bring away a bundle each; and then they were presented with 900 rupees, which the rebels had taken from the treasure-chest to give them. When the officers tried to recall them to their duty, they respectfully assured them that they were now under the orders of their native officers, and that the Subahdar Major of the 22d Regiment had been appointed to the command of the station, and that each corps had appointed one of its officers to be their chief.

#### THE MASSACRE AT BHITOOR.

The story of the massacre of the fugitives from Futtigur, above noted, is thus told in the "Englishman":—"Did the report of the massacre reach you of the Futtigur fugitives? It surpassed in atrocity all that has hitherto been perpetrated. One hundred and thirty-two Europeans, men, women, and children, in fifty boats, left Futtigur for Bhitoor. They were all the non-military residents of the place. On arrival at Bhitoor the Nana Sahib fired on them with the artillery the Government allowed him to keep; one round shot struck poor Mrs. —, and killed her on the spot. The boats were then boarded, and the inmates landed and dragged to the parade-ground at Cawnpore, where they were first flogged and then literally hacked to pieces with tulwars. Report says not one escaped." Bhitoor is a little place a few miles to the north of Cawnpore, and although some doubt is felt of the truth of the story, we sadly presage a confirmation of this intelligence, in view of the state of matters in that quarter.

#### ALARM AT MADRAS.

On the 27th of June, Madras was thrown into a panic by the arrival, in great haste, from the Mount, of a company of horse artillery and six guns. Many gentlemen and ladies drove into the fort, several made for the Mount, and hundreds of the inhabitants rushed to the arsenal. It was said that the Commissioner of Police had received intimation of an intended rising among the Mahomedans of Triplicane, but nothing official was heard of the matter. The horse artillery had been picketed before Government House since then, arms had been sent to the Club, troops were stationed at other parts, and places of rendezvous had been appointed. But notwithstanding all these preparations there was every reason to believe that Madras was safe.

#### PREPARATIONS AT AGRA.

At Agra, Akbar's fort was prepared for a siege; Jotee Persaud re-appearing, and rapidly and successfully filling its magazines with provisions. The walls bristle with guns, and ammunition is abundant. The Europeans had been regimented and drilled, and strong houses fixed on as outposts.

#### THE INDIAN PRESS.

The editors of four native newspapers, the "Bhakshur," the "Sultani ul Akhbar," the "Doorbin," and the "Sundarshar Soordarshasur," have been prosecuted by the Government for treasonable publications. Mr. Cecil Bandon appeared against them on behalf of the Government. They were all committed for trial, and bound over in heavy recognisances, personal and otherwise, to appear and stand their trial. The "Friend of India" had received a warning.

#### CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MUTINELERS.

The mutineers at Delhi appear to have despatched letters in every possible direction, calling on their brother sepoys to aid them; amongst others, one addressed to the mutineers of Bareilly and Moradabad, was intercepted. It runs as follows:—

"From the officers of the army at Delhi to the officers of the Bareilly and Moradabad regiments.

"If you are coming to help us, it is incumbent on you that if you eat your food there you wash your hands here, for here the fight is going on with the English, and, by the goodness of God, even one defeat to us is ten to them, and our troops are assembled here in large numbers. It is now necessary for you to come here, for large rewards and high rank will be conferred by the King of Kings, the centre of prosperity, the King of Delhi. We are looking out most anxiously for you, like fasters watching for the call of the muezzin. Our ears are intent on the thunder of the cannon, and our eyes, like the eyes of the kashm, are watching your road. Now, also, it is incumbent on you, that you consider this call as very urgent and come, for our house is yours."

"Come, come, for there is no rose

Without the spring of your presence.

The opening bud with draught

Is as an infant without milk."

There is no doubt that such calls as these have met with quick response, and that numbers have been added to the defenders of Delhi, who were thus able to make daily sorties.

#### FAILURE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

We are sorry to have to report that the anticipations which were so commonly indulged in with respect to the success of the plans for laying the Atlantic Telegraph Cable have not been realised. The enterprise has failed for the present. The ships started from Valentia on the 6th instant, as we reported last week. Within a few miles of the coast, the cable became entangled with the machinery, the Niagara slightly rammed at the moment, and the cable snapped. The operation of recovering the wire and reuniting it compelled the ships to return. When this was done, the ships put to sea once more, on the evening of the 7th. Up to Monday week they had laid two hundred miles with perfect success, and constant messages were interchanged between the ships and the shore. Early on Tuesday morning, however, the signals suddenly ceased. At this time 355 nautical miles had been paid out—the last 100 miles in water over two miles in depth. The Niagara was going at the rate of four knots an hour, and as the engineer found the cable was running out in too great proportion to the speed of the ship, he directed the retard chain to be applied more firmly, and the ship at that moment rising out of the trough of the sea, the cable parted at some distance from the stern of the ship. This seems to have been fatal to the expedition. The Niagara, Susquehanna, and Agamemnon, returned to Plymouth, and the opinion is that the season is too far advanced for another effort at present. The machinery now aboard the Niagara is considered too heavy for the purpose. It is stated that the wheels ceased to revolve when the pressure was applied on the Tuesday morning.

The extra expenditure of slack commenced on Monday evening, when a strong breeze and heavy swell prevailed, and a powerful undercurrent was experienced. This current forced the wire from the ship at a considerable angle.

Owing to the breaking of the cable, the £1,000 shares of the Atlantic Telegraph, on which £900 had been paid, were offered at £250 discount. Just before the accident there were buyers at £5 discount. The company are to hold a meeting, we believe, to consider whether the experiment shall again be made in October, or postponed till next year.

#### SPOLLEN ON THE STAGE.

SPOLLEN has been going about Dublin, with the shadow of the gallows still on him, soliciting subscriptions to compensate him or the loss he has sustained during his imprisonment. James Spollen, the younger, presented a letter from his father to Mr. Osborne, the storekeeper of the railway, asking that a contribution might be made for his son, who, he said, was to accompany him on "a long journey." The application was met with a flat denial from every man in the establishment.

This proceeding, however, scarcely prepared us for the next. On Monday, the following advertisement appeared in the newspapers:—"Assembly Rooms, Prince Patrick's Theatre, Fishamble Street. For one week only. James Spollen, being about to leave the country, and not having the means to do so, will deliver a personal narrative of the proceedings taken against him for the murder of Mr. Little, commencing this day, Aug. 18, from one till four. Evening from six till ten. Admission, one shilling."

Accordingly, Mr. Spollen made his appearance that afternoon before an audience of about a dozen persons, of whom four were newspaper reporters, and two or three were detectives. James Spollen junior, took the money at the doors. The "private" was nothing but a whining appeal for a subscription to enable him to emigrate comfortably. He was interrupted once by the question, "Who told your wife where the money was hid?" Spollen answered, "That is nothing to you, sir;" and then added that "it was the most guilty man in existence he was not to be left to starve." This did not satisfy his interrogator, who returned to the charge, and gave the audacious man a considerable "wriggle," all which he bore with perfect coolness.

In the evening, Spollen made his second appearance, but, as before, only two or three were present besides the police and representatives of the press. One of the public addressed Spollen, conjecturing him to give such explanations as would remove the doubts of his innocence, or at once to declare himself guilty if he was guilty. Spollen answered, "What course am I to adopt?" when suddenly his son rushed forward, and in the most excited manner told him not to answer such questions.

#### IRELAND.

AN INFANT BURIED ALIVE.—Some little girls, whilst at play in the old churchyard of St. Maelius, county of Carlow, last week, heard a moaning noise proceeding from one of the graves. Alighted, they ran with the news to the nearest house, the resident of which proceeded to the grave pointed out by the terrified children; and there, after removing a green sod, on which had been placed a large stone, he found a male child, apparently about a fortnight old, still alive, but in an extremely weak and attenuated condition. The boy soon after arrested a woman who is supposed to be the mother, who has been committed for trial. The grave in which the child was found is one where a man had been interred on the Sunday previous. The sod at the head of the mound was raised up, and a hole made in the fresh clay, into which the child was put; the sod was then laid down over the infant, and a stone placed upon it to keep all down.

THE HARVEST.—The provincial papers teem with references to the excellent promise of the harvest. The grubbing up about the potato decline; but it does seem that a large quantity of the crop is damaged.

#### SCOTLAND.

SERIOUS RIOT AT PAISLEY RACES.—Shortly after the termination of a race at Paisley on Friday night, a riot took place among the crowd, from which serious consequences resulted. Some colters quarrelled with some country people—the police interfered, and were savagely maltreated. Fourteen men received wounds so severe as to be required to be dressed by a surgeon, and one of the men was stabbed in the thigh. Several of the rioters were arrested.

#### THE PROVINCES.

DINNER TO MR. CARDWELL AT OXFORD.—The Right Hon. E. Cardwell, M.P. was last week entertained at dinner by his Oxford constituents. The banquet took place in a spacious marquee erected in the meadow adjoining Magdalen Water Walk. Upwards of a thousand persons were present.

DANGEROUS PRECAUTION.—Mr. Philips, gunmaker, of Birmingham, being apprehensive of thieves, had a spring gun so placed that on the door being opened the contents of the weapon would enter the intruder. A secret wire at the outside of the door communicated with the trigger, on touching which any person could enter the shop safely: but, as we presume, if the apparatus worked properly. Adam Bresson, a gun finisher, was the habit of entering the shop into the face of this danger. On Monday evening, however, being in a hurry, he omitted to detach the wire, and on stepping into the room the weapon exploded, and the unfortunate man, receiving the charge in his chest and side, fell back mortally wounded. He died next morning at the General Hospital. At the instant a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

ACCIDENT TO MR. GRATTAN GUINNESS.—This young and fashionable preacher, and rival of Mr. Spurgeon, presided on the morning of the 9th to about 3,000 persons at Merthyr, South Wales; in the afternoon at Heswall, to about 2,000 people, in the open air; and again in the open air to fully 10,000 people at Aberdeen. The platform on which he stood, and which was crowded, broke down in the middle of the sermon. The alarm was excessive. Fortunately, the preacher escaped unharmed; but the leg of another young man was broken just below the knee. No other serious accident occurred.

OPENING OF THE PEOPLE'S PARK AT HALIFAX.—On Friday, the new park, presented to the people of Halifax by Mr. Frank Crossley, one of the members for the borough, was formally opened. The park, which has been laid out from designs by Sir J. Paxton, and is ornamented with statues and fountains, is said to have cost £30,000.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—A pitman named Hunter, and another man named George Lishman, having finished work at the Els米尔 colliery, Devonshire, went to the bottom of the Lady Pit to be drawn to the "bank." They placed their feet in the loop of a chain drawn by an engine to the mouth of the pit, and holding to the chain they began to ascend. When about half the distance was past, a loop in the descending chain got over Hunter's head, and before he was able to extricate himself, or give any signal, his head was torn completely from his body. The headless trunk came to bank along with Lishman, the hands still grasping the chain.

REPORTED FORGERIES AT LIVERPOOL.—A merchant recently deceased at Liverpool, said to have left liabilities amounting to £300,000, of which £100,000 are through forged acceptances to bills of exchange.

ATTEMPT TO UPSET A RAILWAY TRAIN.—On Saturday evening, two wooden sleepers and an iron rail were laid across the rails in three different places on the London and North-Western Railway, at Pensworth, near Preston. The train passed over or put aside two of these obstructions, before the outrageous trick was discovered. Fortunately it is that no accident happened. The train sustained some severe shocks—in one instance so great as to toss the engineers' tools out of the box.

SUPPLICATORY MEETING FOR BRITISH INDIA.—A meeting of an extraordinary character was held on Monday evening at Bristol, when several thousand persons of all grades in society and of various religious denominations, assembled in the great music saloon of the Victoria Rooms, in that city, for the purpose of joining in united prayer for British India. The hall was crowded to overflowing. The services consisted of the reading of Scripture and prayer, and several appropriate hymns were sung. Among those on the platform were several mourners for relatives lost at Delhi and other places.

#### THE LATE STORMS.

The calm and fiery summer was on Thursday week rudely broken by heavy storms, which appear to have been general throughout the country. They struck in a straight line passing over the metropolis from the south-east to the north-west, commencing with heavy thunder and lightning; but it was not nearly so severe or so destructive as the storm of the following day. At about six o'clock p.m. the whole of London and its suburbs became darkened. Immense clouds passed rapidly along from the west towards the east; the lightning flashed rapidly, and after each peal of thunder followed, accompanied by heavy showers of rain and hail. In the neighbourhood of Farringdon Street and Holborn Bridge, as well as on the Surrey side of the river near the Thames, the damage done was very great. The lightning continued until nearly midnight, but with less violence. About half-past ten o'clock, however, an alarming occurrence took place at the Brick Lane station of the Chartered Gas Company, St. Luke's. The lightning struck one of the iron columns which supported one side of a large gasometer, situated at no great distance from a mass of poor tenements. The gas, comprising such a volume that for two or three minutes the whole of the metropolis was brilliantly illuminated. Fortunately, the flames were almost immediately subdued, without injury to any person, and with not nearly so much damage to property as might have been expected. About two o'clock the same morning, the roof of the goods shed at the Brick Lane's Arms station of the South-Eastern Railway was struck by lightning. About two hours afterwards, a part of the roof, more than three hundred feet in length, together with the iron girders, fell with a tremendous crash.

On the Thursday afternoon a storm of almost unequalled violence broke over the city and neighbourhood of Lincoln. The standing and outlying crops of cereals suffered irretrievably—in the marshy districts, between Lincoln and Boston, sheaves of corn were absolutely floated away. Next day the traffic on the various lines of railway intersecting the county was much interrupted, in consequence of the damage done by the flood. On the Midland Railway (Nottingham and Lincoln branch), at Fisherton, near Southwell, a portion of the line nearly a quarter of a mile in length was entirely swept away by the torrent of water which rushed down from the neighbouring hills.

An accident of a very serious character occurred on the main line of the Great Northern Railway, about a mile south of Carlton station, between Newark and Retford, at about twelve o'clock on Thursday evening. The currents under the line were insufficient to carry away the immense body of flood water which pressed against them, and which, therefore, rose to the level of the line and washed away the ballast and the embankment (only a few feet high), leaving the rails and sleepers suspended like a skeleton line above the flood. A fish train from the north arrived at this spot at about half-past twelve o'clock, when the driver suddenly found the engine diverging from the rails and sinking under him, and engine and trucks were instantly submerged. A man at the same instant the Edinburgh passenger train, one of the fleetest in the kingdom, came up from the south, at the rate of between fifty and sixty miles an hour. It dashed into the flood, the rails rose and fell once or twice, and then the engine capsized, taking several of the passenger carriages with it and plunging them into the water. The driver and fireman were pitched over with the engine, and were immersed in the flood, but were not in any way wounded. The inmates of the carriages were however thrown into the utmost confusion, and the scene at this moment was truly appalling. The night was pitch dark, save when illuminated by flashes of lightning. Thunder was pealing incessantly, the water was rushing and roaring through the bed of the river with great fury, and above all the din were heard the screams of men and children, struggling to extricate themselves from the carriages. At length, assistance having arrived, the passengers were rescued from their perilous position. Two were severely injured.

Southampton suffered severely on Thursday evening—the storm lashing for several hours without intermission. In many places the streets were flooded to eighteen inches in depth. From seven to nine o'clock communication by telegraph with London was suspended. An elderly woman who had taken shelter from the violence of the storm under a tree, was struck dead, whilst a little child she had with her in her arms escaped unharmed.

Five loads of wheat sheaves and fifteen wagon loads of trefol, in the barn of Mr. Chamber, of Goddenwey, near Lewes, were destroyed on Thursday, the barn and its contents having been set on fire by a vivid flash of lightning.

At Leicester, two Irish labourers were killed by the lightning on Thursday night. On Friday, a storm, equal in violence to that of the preceding day, broke over the town.

The West Riding was severely visited on Friday night. At Mosley, a house was washed away. At Saddleworth, a portion of the canal towing path was carried off; while at Diggle, the Saddle Edge tunnel of the London and North-Western Railway—a tunnel three miles long—was three feet deep in water. At Marsden, the flood carried away two bridges, one of iron, destroyed a number of cattle, and caused great loss to many of the mills by filling the lower part with water. At Minshill, near Huddersfield, several houses and mills were flooded, and Thornton bridge washed down. At Holmfirth, a great number of the inhabitants passed the night in the streets, anxiously watching the rise of the water. A portion of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, between Brockholes and Henley, was rendered unfit to travel over. At Farles, Mrs. Forshaw, housekeeper to Mr. Edward Roberts, of Storthorpe Moor House, was killed by the lightning as she was sawing.

In the county of Essex the market gardeners' grounds were flooded to an alarming extent. Several lofty trees were struck by the lightning, and the roots of many houses were severely damaged. In the small villages of Epping, Chigwell, Malden, Barking, Dagenham, Iford, Brentwood, Hornchurch, Lea, Ongar, Romford, Stratford, Walthamstow, and Woodford, the crops have been damaged to a great extent.

On the Little Chester road, about a mile from Derby Market Place, the houses were extensively flooded, and the turnpike-road for a mile at least was a yard deep in water. On the Nottingham road leading out of Derby the flood was also very high. But the greatest injury done is that occasioned to the wheat crop, some hundred of acres being under water. On the banks of the Trent and Dove the damage was very serious—lams, sheep, and other live stock having been swept away. The oats generally were gathered, but the wheat harvest had scarcely commenced. The effect on the Derby corn market was a rise of 3s. a quarter.

At Manchester there was a series of heavy thunder storms on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday morning, resulting in the flooding of the rivers Irwell and Medlock, to an extraordinary height, and a serious loss of life and property. A man was drowned in the Irwell, near the Victoria bridge, and several lives are said to have been lost in the Bne Pits, by the bursting of a reservoir. Higher up the stream several lives were lost. The destruction of property has been very great in Manchester alone, caused chiefly by the overflow of the Medlock. We have it variously estimated at £40,000 to £50,000.

From Ashton and its neighbour, from Runcorn, Middleton, and Huddersfield, we have similar reports. Lives were lost at both Rochdale and Huddersfield.

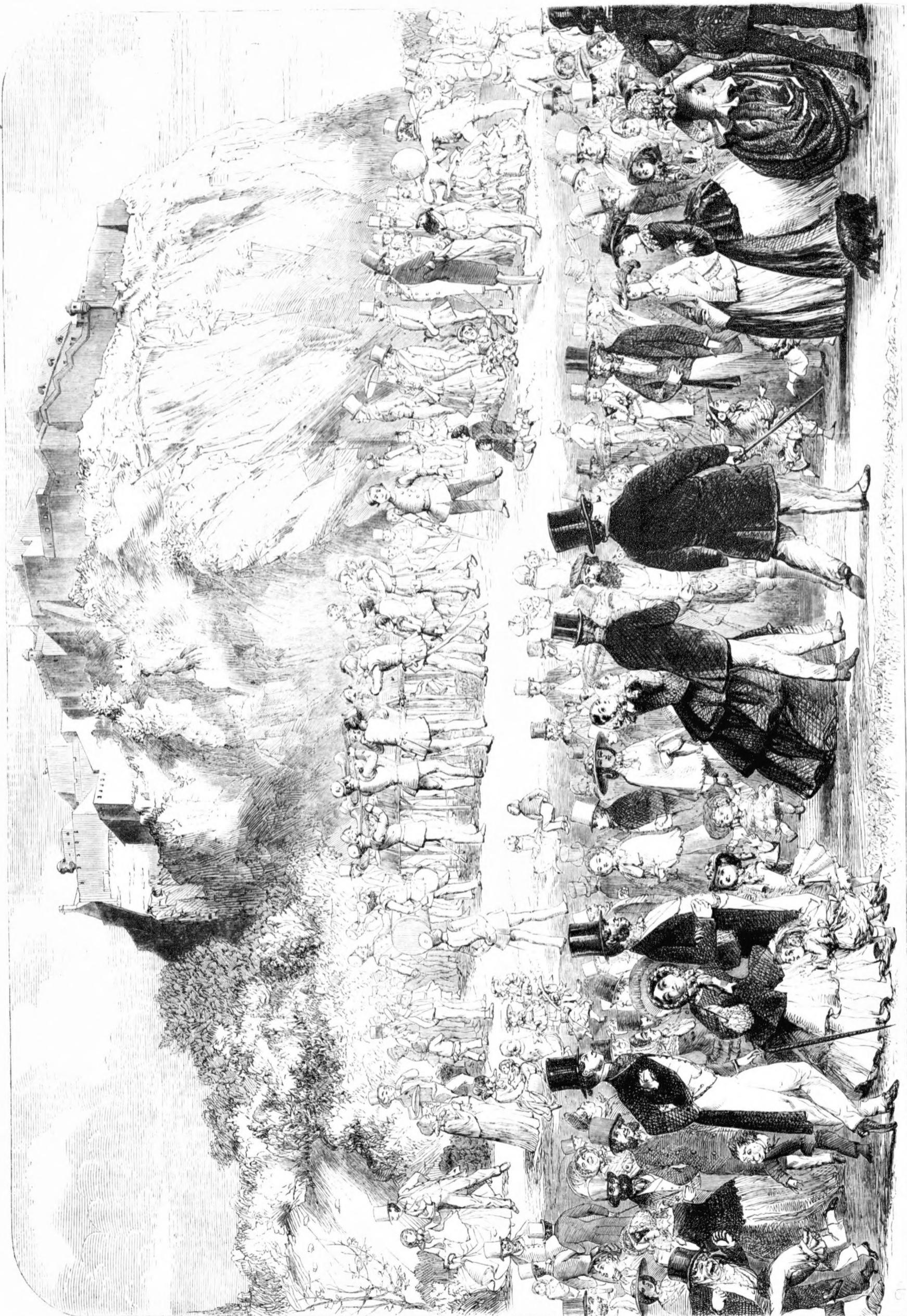
A SOMNAMBULIST DROWNED.—Aaron Hubbard, a young man, and a seaman on board the泰河, of Wm. Wherry, was supposed to have got up in his sleep (being a somnambulist) on Saturday morning last, gone upon deck, and fallen overboard—a noise of somebody falling into the dock having been heard about four o'clock. The dock was dredged, and the body of the deceased was discovered. The jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned."

#### EDINBURGH PROMENADES.

SOCIETY in Edinburgh has but few opportunities of contemplating at one view, as it were, the faces of its various members, and even these are generally under stress of the glare, heat, and discomfort of public assemblies; or the too brief, too expensive opera season, which is vouchsafed to the inhabitants of the northern metropolis.

This summer, however, quite a new feature in Edinburgh life, or rather existence, has manifested itself; and the musical promenades in the beautiful West Princes's Street Gardens afford the means of most agreeable enjoyment to the summer sojourner in "Auld Reekie." Here one has an opportunity of contrasting the "world" of Edinburgh out of doors, with more southern orbs, and we will do our Scotch friends the justice to say that the comparison is in no point "odious." Moreover, it is such a relief to find that this solemn, refined, uncom-eatable world is occasionally capable of really enjoying itself. The thanks of the Edinburgh community are certainly due to the officers of the garrison for this result, and few who have shared in the enjoyment of those delightful afternoons which the officers of the 34th organised, and to which the performances of the band of that regiment mainly contributed, will fail in deep sympathy with those gallant soldiers in the errand of duty on which they are even now journeying, namely, the re-establishment of our power and authority in the disaffected districts of our Indian Empire.

The magnificent bands of the Rifles and of the 5th Dragoons continue to play alternately on Tuesdays and Fridays in these gardens, which are situated in the deep valley lying between Prince's Street and the far-famed Castle, surrounding, in fact, the famous rock on which the latter is perched. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these bold crags, flanked, as they are, with dense foliage. To the younger and more sentimental portion of the company, the shady and winding paths traversing the steep ascent on either side must be peculiarly inviting; while the older and less active citizens may well be content with the level and flowery garden, and the unrivalled prospect of rock and tree which graces the one side, and the view of the stately spires and domes of the city which greets them on the other.



PROMENADE IN THE PRINCE'S STREET GARDENS, EDINBURGH.

## THE GREAT FIRE IN EDINBURGH.

The buildings lately destroyed by fire in Edinburgh were among the most interesting relics of the Old Town. Overlooking the Mound on the north side, they formed part of that remarkable range of old buildings whose lofty gables attract the notice of strangers, giving to the Old Town an appearance peculiarly picturesque. Moreover, these houses had their historical associations. The house in which David Hume resided for many years was one of the flats (the third, counting from James's Court) now destroyed; Dr. Blair was Hume's tenant in the same house while Hume was on the Continent for a year or two; and James Boswell succeeded Hume as tenant, afterwards removing to the flat immediately below, which is now also totally consumed; and it was here Dr. Johnson was received as a guest by his biographer. Mr. Robert Chambers, in his "Traditions of Edinburgh," says:—"This was an extraordinary house in its day; for it consisted of two floors connected by an internal stair. Here it was that the *Ursa Major* of literature stayed for a few days, in August, 1773, while preparing to set out to the Hebrides, and also for some time after his return. Here did he receive the homage of the trembling *literati* of Edinburgh; here, after handling them in his rough manner, did he relax in play with little Miss Veronica, whom Boswell promised to consider peculiarly in his will, for showing a liking to so estimable a man. What makes all this evident, is a passage in a letter of Samuel himself to Mrs. Thrale (Edinburgh, August 17), where he says, 'Boswell has very handsome and spacious rooms, level with the ground on one side of the house, and on the other four storeys high.' Boswell was only tenant of the mansion."

Hume removed to his house in James's Court in 1762. Soon after, however, he was taken to France as Secretary to the Embassy. From Paris he wrote,—"I am sensible that I am misplaced, and I wish twice or thrice a-day for my easy chair and my retreat in James's Court." In 1766, he re-entered into possession of his comfortable flat, but was soon again called from it by an invitation from Mr. Conway to be an Under-Secretary of State. At length, in 1769, he returned permanently to his native city, in possession of what he thought opulence—a thousand a-year. We find him immediately writing from his retreat in James's Court to his friend Adam Smith, then commencing his great work on the Wealth of Nations in the quiet of his mother's house at Kirkcaldy—"I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkcaldy from my windows; but I wish also to be within speaking terms of you," &c. To another person he writes,—"I live still, and must for a twelvemonth, in my old house in James's Court, which is very cheerful, and even elegant, but too small to display my great talent for Cookery, the science to which I intend to add the remaining years of my life!"

The building itself was, according to the same excellent authority, of no remarkable antiquity as compared with other tenements of a similar character in the Old Town, though the number of these is now decreasing year after year. James's Court, as the pile of buildings was called, "was erected about 1725-7 by James Brownhill, a joiner, as a speculation, and was for some years regarded as the *quartier* of greatest dignity and importance in Edinburgh."

Apart from the loss of property involved in this catastrophe, Edinburgh has to deplore the destruction of one of the most remarkable features of its elder architecture. The pile of building owed nothing whatever to ornament—it was externally plain even to ugliness; but its great height, its commanding situation, its venerable aspect, and its immense mass, rendered it especially notable. One could scarcely pass up or down the Mound any day in summer without observing strangers gazing on the giant hulk of wall pierced by multitudinous windows, and counting the "flats," or storeys. Sombre and uniform in its spreading frontage, it broke into a sort of rude picturesqueness in its enormous piles of chimneys and its high attic gables. So thoroughly identified was the structure with all views of Edinburgh for the last century, and so fixed is its obtrusive bulk in the recollections of those who knew the town, that Edinburgh will scarcely look like itself after the loss of so unique a feature.

The conflagration itself we reported in our last week's number; though the confusion caused among the dwellers in the court at the appalling aspect of the fire, so sudden in its origin and so rapid in its progress, cannot be described. All sorts of horrible reports spread among the mob, as that some of the dwelling-houses were locked, with children and helpless people inside. Water for the engines was tardily obtained, while wherever the fire once got a footing, it made speedy work with the dried



THE GREAT FIRE IN THE OLD TOWN, EDINBURGH.



CUSTOM IN LOWER NORMANDY: THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER MARRIAGE.



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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1857.

## TELEGRAPH SCHEMES.

THOUGH Science is frequently, in this age, affording us the opportunity of some new control over elementary powers for human purposes, we are by no means ready enough to avail ourselves of her duties. Not half our knowledge of sanitary science is in practice in our towns, nor half our knowledge of agricultural science in our fields. It is not, generally, till the projector is dead—and perhaps dead, broken-hearted—that we make all the right uses of a first-rate discovery. What a fight Wauhorne had of it, with his Overland Passage, and now what a blessing are the fortnightly Indian mails!

Circumstances at present are bringing the subject of telegraphs conspicuously before the public. That discovery is in every respect a primary one, as it affects our control over the element in which, as in the air, our life goes on—the element of time. Since the discovery of the magnet, there has been nothing so wonderful in itself, nor so important in its consequences. It will be an arm to Government—a regulator of trade—and an instrument of knowledge. How, then, are we using this wonderful power? the great characteristic of which is, that, furnished with due machinery, it operates in thousands of miles as readily as in tens. Undoubtedly, while in private affairs it has become part of our daily system of life, we have not yet made that full public and national use of it which every day shows to be necessary.

The accident to the Atlantic Telegraph is a great misfortune. It started so hopefully—the preparations had been so elaborate—that we confess we had come to look on it as a settled affair. After perusing the accounts of the voyage, we are inclined, however, to believe that the failure was simply because of the novelty of the operation; that when a more perfect skill is obtained in laying down the cable in deep water, the operations will be completed satisfactorily. It is a matter of great delicacy to regulate the "paying out" by the speed of the vessel; and the accident, we think, can be traced to an injudicious "check" when there was a considerable swell on. In fact, there was a natural accident not arising from any inherent defect in the scheme, but from want of that experience which can only be gained by practice. All schemes have their failures. But the communication was perfect with the cable at a great depth, and we can account for the break down, without having to explain it by any of those vast or novel causes of interruption, which, in an affair of such magnitude, might have been apprehended. Nothing, in short, is proved against the principle, that, given a due mode of execution, the laying down of a line of telegraph across the Atlantic is a practicable plan. We must now wait. We fear there will be no further chance this year, and we must hope the best for next summer.

Meanwhile, there are other schemes in the wind, not involving such vast machinery as the Atlantic one, and yet scarcely inferior to it in political importance. The Atlantic Telegraph will be chiefly valuable as an agent in our commerce with the States, being thus, of course, indirectly, of political consequence too. But still, England and America are fundamentally friendly, and have no interests likely to divide them, which are nearly as strong as those binding them together. We can afford to wait for that telegraph; but we cannot afford to wait for anything that will help us to maintain our government of India.

For this last reason, we take great interest in the schemes now before the world for extending telegraphic communication in the East. There is really nothing wanted but energy and money to complete it, and where could these be more profitably invested? Already it is clear enough that if we had availed ourselves of our mechanical resources in India, the revolt would not have been so long unsubdued. Railways, protected at certain important points by European troops, would have been miraculous aids to us; and we should not have lost so much of that priceless time which has turned whole districts into scenes of disorganisation and turbulence. But the Company, out of a revenue of twenty-two millions, had only one million to spend in "public works," and we have now to conquer the country as much as we should have to conquer one we had never seen before. Lessons of the kind abound. Let us avail ourselves of the principle they teach us; and our real strength depending on our European culture and science, let us establish telegraphs to India as the latest, most useful, and most startling results of these.

More than one plan is proposed, and each having supporters, one at all events may be safely presumed to be practicable. When the one shall be of little consequence to the public, whose business is only to excite the activity of, and secure support to, the Government. There has been one bold plan this week for laying down a submarine telegraph between Malta and Alexandria, a task by no means so difficult as that which has just experienced a temporary failure. Is the line to be had? Is the permission of the Viceroy of Egypt forthcoming? Will there be no intrigue against it from any European Power? These are questions which Government could soon obtain answers to; if answered satisfactorily, the affair need only be one of weeks; and in the present mood of the public, the minister who briskly carried out such a project would command a popularity altogether beyond the reach of intriguing assailants of any political colour.

STOP HIM!—General d'Orgoni, says the Paris correspondent of a daily paper, has arrived at Marseilles from Paris, and is about to embark for Cairo. I regard this as a highly important piece of news. I have not the least doubt that this Frenchman (whose real name is Gredon, d'Orgoni being an anagram) will be found at the head of the insurgents of Delhi before November. It was he who stirred up the first Burmese war, and he openly boasts that he has devoted his life to the destruction of the British power in India."

DISORDERS AT TUNIS.—The following telegraph despatch, published in the Paris journals, reports another serious disturbance at Tunis:—"A de vice, having in the public streets denounced a Jew as a blasphemer, the populace fell upon the unfortunate man, who was, however, rescued from their hands, and taken for safety to the Bourse; but the mob broke into the building, and destroyed everything they could lay their hands upon. They then went to the offices of the Messageries, crying, 'Death to the Jews!' 'Death to the Franks!' The French Consul went in all haste to the Bey at Mersa, and demanded troops for the protection of European life and property. The greatest excitement prevailed in the town." Another despatch says:—"The Christians themselves had been threatened. Several persons were killed. The British Consulate was insulted. Military measures for repressing the outrage were taken very tardily."

## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS

HER MAJESTY, THE PRINCE CONSORT, AND THE COURT embarked on board the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert, on Monday, for a cruise to Cherbourg and the Channel Islands. The Curzon, 31, screw frigate; the Osborne, Admiralty yacht; and the Banshee and Vivid steamers, were in attendance.

IRELAND is to contribute part of the trousseau of the Princess Royal. A large order for bonnets has been given to an Irish manufacturer; one of the dresses is to be of emerald green, richly tissued in gold shamrocks.

HER MAJESTY WAS GODMOTHER, by proxy, to the heir to the Grand Duchy of Baden, baptised on Monday week. The godfathers were the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the brother of the reigning Grand Duke.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT was celebrated by a fête champêtre at Windsor on Tuesday.

SIR MOSES AND LADY MONTEFIORE had the honour of an audience of the Queen on Saturday, and presented the son of his Highness the Pacha of Egypt to her Majesty.

THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS arrived at Osborne on a farewell visit on Saturday. On Monday, her Majesty embarked at Woolwich Dockyard in the Netherlands Government steam vessel Cyclope, which conveyed her Majesty home.

THE BRONZE STATUE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION was hoisted on its column at Rome on the 5th.

FROM THE MOORS we hear that the birds turn out to be extremely few, owing to the long period of dry weather and the consequent scarcity of water, most of the springs being dried up.

THE HIGHEST SALARY given to colonial governors is that of the Governor of Victoria, which is £10,000 a year, while the Governors of Canada, Ceylon, and New South Wales receive £7,000 a year each.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, who is now at Brighton, is suffering under an aggravation of an attack which first appeared ten years ago.

TWO MEN WERE KILLED BY LIGHTNING, while at work at the tower of the church of Notre Dame, Bruges, last week. The electric fluid penetrated the heart of one, passed through his body, down one leg, and out of the sole of the foot, carrying off part of his shoe. It struck the other in the forehead, above the left eye, passed through his body, and went out by the abdomen.

THE DEANERY OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPELS ROYAL, rendered vacant by the death of Bishop Blomfield, will be conferred upon Dr. Latz, Bishop of London.

LIEUTENANT HOOPER, of the Arctic Expedition, found, at Fort Simpson, an Indian woman, whose name was "Thirty-six Tongues." It is to be hoped that her husband was deaf and dumb.

A RECONCILIATION is said to have been effected between the Count de Montebello and the Emperor Napoleon.

THE SPEAKER gave the usual dinner to the officers of the House of Commons on Wednesday week.

M. LABIACHE, we now hear, is so much improved in health that he may not improbably return to the stage during the approaching opera season in Paris.

A TESTIMONIAL TO THE LATE BISHOP BLOMFIELD is proposed. It is to be called "The Bishop Blomfield Endowment Fund," to be devoted to the aid of those poor living in the diocese of London which received annual benefactions from the Bishop during his lifetime.

A BOOKSELLER OF VALENZA has published an Italian translation of the songs of Béranger.

THE YOUNGEST SON OF M. VICTOR HUGO has published the first fruits of his literary labours—a monograph of the Island of Jersey. It is entitled "La Normandie inconnue," and is much praised in the French journals.

A MR. NORMAN has obtained a concession to lay down an electric cable between Malta and Sicily, in conjunction with the line which is being perfected by Sicily and Naples by the Neapolitan Government. England is to have the exclusive right to send her dispatches direct without their purport being known in Naples, and the line is to be completed within two years.

M. GUERIN, an Italian gentleman of respectability, well known at the Paris Bourse, has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of 1,000 francs, for false news and disreputable expressions towards the Emperor, alleged to have been overheard by a police agent, but which the prisoner denied having uttered.

A HANDSOME MONUMENT is about to be erected over the grave of James Montgomery, at Sheffield.

NEW COLOURS were presented to the 4th Regiment prior to their embarkation for India. The colours were presented by Major-General Sir J. Y. Scarlett.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL embarked at Suez for Calcutta on August 2, on board the Indus.

THE GREAT ROBBERY OF THE NORTHERN RAILWAY (of France) will be investigated before the Assize Court of the Seine on the 26th inst., and is expected to occupy five days.

THE STATUE OF THOMAS MOORE, which is being erected against the eastern facade of the Bank of Ireland, is shortly to be inaugurated by the Earl of Charlemont.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF FRANCE has addressed a letter to M. Legras, approving in very decided terms of his project for piercing the Isthmus of Suez.

THE "CONSCIENCE MONEY" transmitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer from various persons amounted, in the year ended the 31st of March, to no less than £5,982 13s.

THE DURHAM COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have determined to offer a piece of plate of 100 guineas value for the best shorthorned breeding animal exhibited at their forthcoming meeting to be held at Stockton in the first week of September. The plate is to be won three before it becomes the absolute property of the exhibitor.

THE TOWN OF SWANSEA has been selected as that at which shall be erected the monument to the officers and men of the Welsh Fusiliers who fell in the Crimean War.

THE TORONTO BRANCH OF THE UPPER CANADA BANK was entered lately, and paper money to the amount of about £1,000 stolen from the strong box.

A COLLIER IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND has been sent to the Wakefield House of Correction for two months, with hard labour, for working with an unguarded lamp.

THE MONUMENT TO ROBERT NICOL, at Bankfoot, Perth, has at length been commenced. It is to be in the form of an obelisk. It will bear the following inscription:—"Robert Nicol, born 1811; died 1838—I have written my heart in my poems."

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN recently entertained his numerous tenantry at Cahermoyle, Limerick. A substantial repast was provided—beef, mutton, pastries, wine, and "the native," with unstrained ale. About 150 dined. The entertainment was entirely of a social character.

THE LIGHTNING, the fastest clipper ship in the world, perhaps, is on public view at Gravesend. The Lightning is sister ship to the James Baines and the Champion of the Seas—the vessels which her Majesty inspected at Portsmouth, previous to the embarkation of troops for China. The Lightning is a-going to take troops. A shilling will be charged for permission to "go over" the ship, the receipts to be given to the wives and families of the soldiers who will sail in her.

GENERAL GUSTAVUS VON DEGENFELD, one of the most distinguished officers in the Austrian service, recently blew out his brains from a disappointment in love. The General was fifty years old.

A MERMAID again appears upon the surface of a provincial journal. We read that two fishermen, while fishing off the Argyleshire coast, "distinctly saw an object about six yards from us in the shape of a woman, with full breast, dark complexion, comely face, and fine hair hanging in ringlets over the neck and shoulders. It was above the surface of the water to about the middle, gazing at us, and shaking its head."

SOME DISTURBANCES ARE REPORTED FROM HANOVER—not of any political significance, it would seem, though the soldiers were called out.

A FIRE BROKE OUT ON PRINCE ALBERT'S FARM AT WINDSOR, on Saturday. With the assistance of a company of soldiers the flames were subdued, but not till damage to the extent of £300 was done. It is supposed that the fire originated in the spontaneous combustion of a hayrick. The property was insured.

THE YELLOW FEVER has considerably abated in the West Indies. A company is being formed at Georgetown, Demerara, for the purpose of opening a road to the new gold diggings, and prospecting in the interior.

THE LATE STORMS have undoubtedly greatly damaged the crops in various parts of the country, but we observe that the reports are generally very cheerful still.

THE NEW LINE OF RAILWAY from the Carnforth Station on the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway to Ulverston, which opens up a direct railway communication between West Cumberland and Lancashire, is now completed.

GENERAL VAN CORTLANDT, who encountered the sepoys at Sirsa, is a distinguished German officer, formerly in the service of Rangoon Sing.

O'CONNELL'S STATUE, at Limerick, was inaugurated on Saturday. Amongst the company present were the Earl of Dunraven, the Bishop of Bombay, Major Gavin, Mr. O'Brien, M.P., &c. Considerable enthusiasm was manifested on the occasion.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS

MR. ROBERT CARRUTHERS's new edition of the "Life of Pope" is at last published by Mr. H. G. Bohn. Mr. Carruthers is a man of most praise-worthy industry; and although tied up in the far North, as the proprietor and editor of the "Inverness Courier," for the greater part of the year, he spares neither time, trouble, nor expense in collecting materials, and in this respect stands in favourable contrast to those so-called "editors" who think that their chief duty is to cram their book with ill-digested notes, signed with their names at full length, and though surrounded by facilities of inquiry, to judge by the evidence of their writings, will scarcely walk into the next street to verify a fact or correct a date. Of all bygone literature, the Pope period is now exerting the most general interest; and the death of Mr. John Wilson Croker is likely to place at the disposal of Mr. Murray some very valuable papers on the subject, which he would never have got in the lifetime of his great Tory writer.

MR. CHARLES READE, novelist and complete letter-writer, has not added to his fame in the estimation of his friends by his correspondence in the "London Journal" and the "Saturday Review;" but he has retrieved his character somewhat—if we make allowance for a certain affected eccentricity—by sensible letter upon the "Corrupt English" question in the "Atheneum" of last week. Mr. Reade, I may state, takes a latitudinarian ground, in opposition to persons who uphold the ultra-pedantry of men like Lindley Murray and Dr. Blair.

A paragraph in last week's "Atheneum," announcing the illness of Sir Edwin Landseer, I fear but mildly expressed the real state of the case. The great painter is at Brighton, mentally prostrate, and suffering from a malady akin to softening of the brain, which utterly forbids any hope of his returning to the practice of his art. Those who this year laughed over "Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale," or more quietly, but not less strongly, admired those magnificent deer on their Highland mountains, little thought that these would in all probability be the last specimens from the master's hand.

MR. DICKENS and his amateur troupe (the ladies excepted) will perform, on Friday and Saturday of this week, and on Wednesday next, at Manchester, in aid of the Jerryd Remembrance Fund, and pursuant to a very warm invitation received from the principal men of the city. The new Free Trade Hall is the *locus*, and the number of seats already let would scarcely be credited.

The Surrey Gardener Company has come to grief, as might have been anticipated, and will be wound up under the adjudication of the Bankruptcy Court. What could have been expected? the most prominent and most moneyed man among the directors was Mr. Coppock, an excellent Parliamentary strategist, but of course without the slightest experience in conducting a place of popular amusement. The manager was Mr. Tyler, of Zoological fame—a very steady man, but utterly antiquated in his notions, and entirely behind the time. Failure, then, might have been looked for, but it is painful to hear that the affair has terminated in feuds among the directors, and even in more than one personal *fracas*, the details of which are being buzzed about, for the amusement of those few persons now left in town. One of these, which almost resulted in a fight for the money-bag, shows the source from whence the *malitia* sprung.

MR. WOODIN has left town, and taken his "Olio of Oddities" for a little sea air to Brighton. I am afraid that excess of occupation has this season prevented me from giving Mr. Woodin due meed of praise for the novelties he has introduced. His imitation of Madame Ristori is now the great feature, and will be appreciated by all who have seen the great *tragédienne*.

MR. ANDERSON is performing again at the Lyceum. In the event of his season's terminating with a fire, the means of exit for the audience at this theatre are anything but convenient.

## THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THE "Lighthouse" at the Olympic has now got into better working order, and Mr. Robson has obtained a full command of his character. I must again accord a word of praise to Mr. Cooke for his excellent acting in this piece. He is one of the most natural art-imitating actors in his specialty upon the stage. A Miss Cusine and a Mr. Milano, both excellent dancers, and brought up in the same nursery with Mr. Robson and Mr. Flexmore—the Grecian Saloon—have been engaged at this theatre. Mr. "Dinners," a very careful actor, now appears under his right name of Mr. Horace Wigan. The little prologue to the "Lighthouse," if it is to be spoken at all, ought to be put in the mouth of a better elocutionist than Mr. G. Vining.

A NEW SOCIETY FOR THE REVIVAL OF ART.—A new society is being organised, under the title of "The Medieval Society." The object—as set forth by the projectors—is to be the collection of copies of works of Art of all kinds executed during the Middle Ages, but especially of those executed before the end of the thirteenth century; and this not so counteracting the independent influence of our own time upon its own art, but with the view of promoting the study of the medieval period as the highest and purest of former times." The collection is to consist of the following:—A. Casts of sculpture—foliage, figures, subjects—especially of the French and Italian schools. B. Copies or tracings of early frescoes, and of distemper and other wall paintings. C. Copies and casts of works in metal. D. Rubbings of brasses, and copies or tracings of stained glass. E. Notes of schemes of decoration in sculpture, painting, and glass, carried out in the Middle Ages, with a view to leading to more careful treatment of its story in modern sculpture, &c. F. Books bearing upon the various branches of art, and upon costume, &c. G. Photographs, and especially of any sculpture threatened with restoration. H. A wardrobe of costumes, or authenticated reproductions of said costumes, for the use of painters. I. Specimens of eastern textile fabrics, and of Ceramic Art."

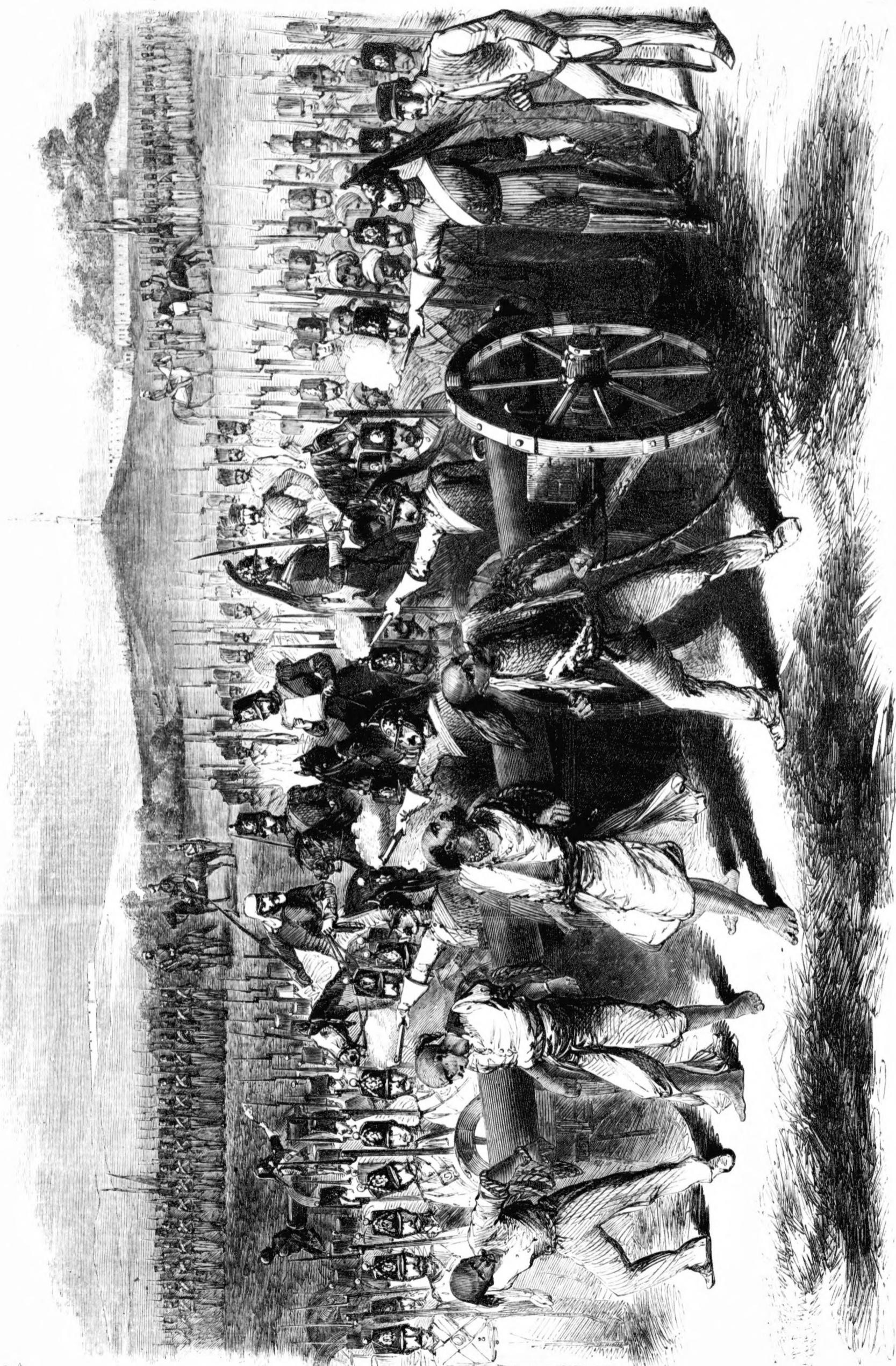
## MUTINY BLOWN FROM THE GUNS.

AMONG the many startling features of the Indian revolt, not the least is the method here and there taken of punishing the revolted soldiers. At Lucknow, Ferozepore, Peshawar, and elsewhere, a signal example has been made, by blowing rebels from the canon's mouth. Forty men of the 55th Native Infantry, taken near Peshawar, were thus executed in one day. A more terrible punishment can scarcely be conceived, though it has the advantage of being instantaneous, and of being considered honourable. This was quaintly pointed out to the native troops by Brigadier Chamberlain on the execution of two men of the 35th. Said he—

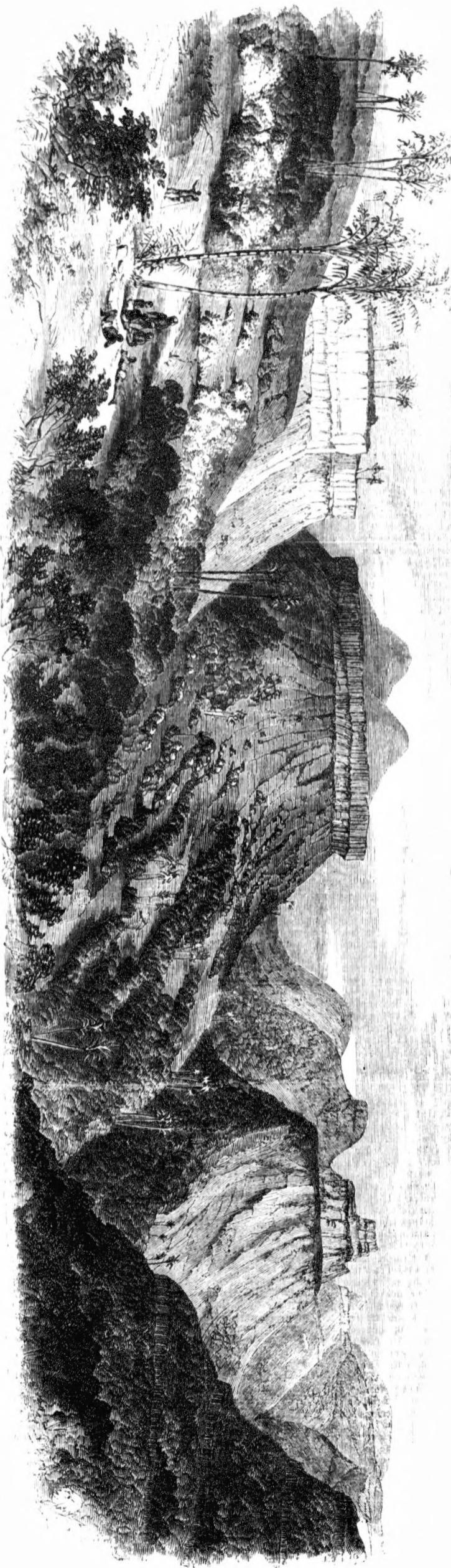
"Native Officers and Soldiers of the 35th Light Infantry,—You have just seen two men of your regiment blown from guns. This is the punishment I will inflict on all traitors and mutineers, and your consciences will tell you what punishment they may expect hereafter. These men have been blown from a gun, and not hung, because they were Brahmins, and I wished to save them from the pollution of the hangman's (sweeper's) touch, and thus prove to you that the British Government does not wish to injure your caste and religion. I call upon you to remember that each one of you has sworn to be obedient and faithful to your salt. Fulfil this sacred oath, and not a hair of your heads shall be hurt. God forbid that I should have to take the life of another soldier, but like you I have sworn to be faithful and do my duty; and I will fulfil my vow by blowing away every man guilty of sedition and mutiny as I have done to-day. Listen to no evil counsels, but do your duty as good soldiers. You all know full well that the reports about the cartridges are lies, propagated by traitors, whose only desire is to rob and murder. These scoundrels, who profess to find cows' and pigs' fat in the cartridges, no longer think them forbidden when they break into mutiny and shoot down women and children. Subedar Gajideen Palne, Subedar Roostam Sing, and Havildar Gunga Deen Chowby, you have done well. I will bring your conduct to the notice of the Governor-General of India, who will reward your loyalty. Private Rusophil Sook, you heard the mutinous and seditious language which was spoken by the two sepoys; and on the court-martial you would not give evidence. You are false to your salt, and shall be punished."

It is only by such determination as is here evinced that the evil can be met; and it is the most merciful way to meet it.

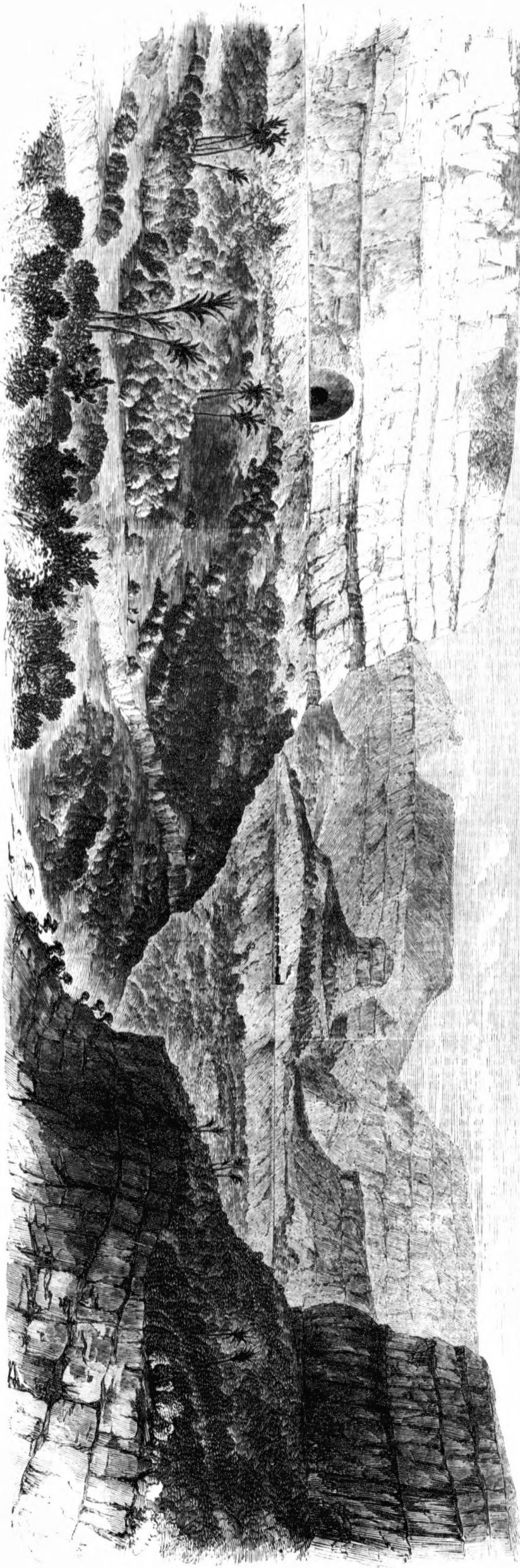
A strange scene occurred at Ferozepore, on the execution there of ten mutineers. While the irons were being struck off from the legs of these men, some cried out—"Do not sacrifice the innocent for the guilty." Two others, "Hold your snivelling; die men, and not cowards—you defended your religion, why then do you crave your lives? Sahibs! they are not sahibs, they are dogs." Some more began to upbraid their commanding officer. "He released the havildar-major who was the chief of the rebels." The ten men were fastened to the muzzles of ten guns, which were charged with blank cartridge. The commanding officer directed portfires to be lit. "Ready!" "Fire!" and the drama was played out.



PREPARATIONS FOR BLOWING MUTINOUS SEPOYS FROM FIELD PIECES, AT FISHAWUP.



GREAT EAST INDIAN PENINSULAR RAILWAY: ENTRANCE TO THE FIRST TUNNEL IN THE BHORE GAUT, BETWEEN BOMBAY AND POONAH.—(FROM A SKETCH BY DR. BUST.)



## THE GREAT EAST INDIAN PENINSULAR RAILWAY.

At the present moment, when we are all regretting that the railway system of India has as yet made so little progress as to be of no aid whatever to us in our task of quelling the sepoy mutiny, the following account of the state of the works on the Gr at Peninsular Railway, condensed from a lecture delivered by Dr. Buist before the Royal Asiatic Society, will be read with interest:—

The first distinct plan for the establishment of railways in India was laid before the Court of Directors in 1839 by Mr. Vignoles, who had not been in India, but obtained his data merely from maps and information in this country. He proposed the construction of one gigantic line very much in the direction of those which subsequent surveys have shown to be the best from Bombay to Calcutta. Ascending the Ghauts, and so stretching across to the most accessible point on the Ganges, a branch of this was to sweep from the Deccan southward to Madras; the Malabar and Coromandel coasts, besides this, were to be connected by a separate line. The whole was to be constructed and maintained by Government, as a great imperial enterprise; and the experience of twenty years will now be found to have proved the wisdom of this scheme, whose proportions were too majestic for the conceptions of the age. Its great designer has been spared to see what was then regarded as little short of a chimera carried into effect, the rulers of the land only lamenting that it should not have been through the instrumentality he desired.

The subject after this seems for a time to have slept. In 1843 it was awakened afresh at Calcutta by the enterprise of Mr. (now Sir) Rowland Stephenson, and at Bombay by that of Mr. George Clark. Mr. Clark, a man of great talent and unbounded enterprise, luckily met on his arrival with Sir George Arthur, a governor to whom no difficulty that stood in the way of interest to the state seemed formidable. Mr. Clark made a rapid survey, and Dr. Buist prepared a prospectus which furnished most unquestionably the germ of what is now the Peninsular Railway Company. It is needless to go into details, and enough to state, that when, in 1846, all that was wanted in the way of information for a trustworthy prospectus was obtained, the greatest of all wants—that of money—made its appearance. The Court of Directors were applied to for a guarantee, but it was not until 1848 that negotiations were so far advanced as to permit of further steps being taken, and not even then under the most favourable of guarantees, which virtually secured the shareholder 5 per cent. for his money, with a chance of more, could capital be raised, till a great iron company stepped into the field to make good deficiencies, on the understanding that they should supply the rails.

The following were the arrangements come to:—The shareholders were to receive interest on their stock at the rate of 5 per cent. from the dates at which their payments were made into the treasury. Government was to give the ground, free of charge, for a period of ninety-nine years. At three terms of twenty-five years, it was to be optional for the shareholders to make over their works to Government, receiving a return of the entire sums expended, including, of course, the interest to the day of surrender. In addition to the dividend, they were to receive a proportion of the profits of the railway, but this not until the East India Company had been repaid the difference betwixt the 5 per cent paid to the shareholders and the previous earnings of the railway. Thus, if the railway netted on an average  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. the first five years,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  the second five, the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in excess of the guarantee would be surrendered to make good the deficiency; the surplus, therefore, accruing to the shareholders. It will be seen from this that, though the guarantee had assumed the name of interest only, it virtually amounted to a dividend; as the only case in which it could fall short of this was when the returns of the railway fell behind its working charges.

It was not till the beginning of 1850 that an engineering staff competent to make a working survey reached Bombay, and considering the interposition of the wet and hot seasons, and the difficulty of the work to be performed, it reflected infinite credit on Mr. Berkeley and his assistants that by the 30th of October, 1850, the first sod was turned. Contracts had still to be taken up in England, and the establishments to be brought out, and yet, notwithstanding this, an experimental train was run along the line in November, 1852; and the first two sections, of twenty to Tannah and four from Mahim, fully opened up in April, 1853, when the further portions were far advanced. The whole had been accomplished, in reality, in little more than a single working season, merely through native agencies; 10,000 workpeople were at one time employed on little more than a dozen miles of ground, and they returned to their villages, their tasks completed, without an accident—almost without a quarrel or a single instance of misconduct. Mr. Berkeley, at the opening of the line, in complimenting the various contractors and parties who had laboured with them, stated that none had performed his task more efficiently or expeditiously than a Parsee who had undertaken one of the most troublesome of the contracts, and who, in next contract, having doubled or trebled his venture, continued to deserve the commendations bestowed on him at the first. The pains bestowed on levelling the line and laying down the rails seemed to the natives so perfectly unintelligible, that it was ascribed to one of those freaks of the Sahib Lög which make him wear tight clothes in hot weather, or a black hat in the sun; and induces Englishmen to dance for nothing, when natives pay others to dance for them—in short, to be explained on no Oriental principle of active contrivance or construction whatever. That it should signify two straws whether a carriage track was an inch or two in one direction or another seemed utterly incomprehensible; still the marvel was what was to happen next, and Europeans had done so many wonderful things that it was thought that this might, very possibly, not prove just such a gimcrack as it seemed after all. At length the first locomotive used for carrying ballasting came to be tried, and the first snort of the iron horse was heard in India. The start was slow, the load heavy, and for the first two or three puffs the result seemed to be considered very inadequate for the pains taken to bring it about. But when at length it dashed on at some twenty miles an hour, with some hundred tons at its heels, the first feeling was that of profound reverence mingled with unbounded astonishment. The disposition seemed to be to bow down and worship, as though it at once flashed across the previously bewildered mind that not only was all the labour expended well bestowed, but that not one atom could have been spared to achieve the end brought about. When the railway was first opened, two of the most eminent native gentlemen in the presidency, a Hindoo and a Parsee, proposed to have the low caste natives debarred from the carriages—a proposition doubly monstrous when it is considered that every man who eats salt contributes to the revenue out of which the dividends are guaranteed. It was fortunately overruled. All castes are now seen to travel together in the same carriage without a murmur; and this one bugbear, which, if yielded to, might have tended to assist in the perpetuation of one of the greatest curses which ever afflicted the family of man, once braved, vanished like a dream.

The distance from Bombay to Poonah, the principal city in the Deccan, and on the direct line to Madras, is seventy miles. Betwixt the Deccan or table-land, and the Concan, or sea-board, rises a mountain ridge about 3,000 feet in elevation, the Bhore Ghaut, a series of defiles affording here the most convenient access from the one to the other by an ascent of about 2,000 feet, and there the railway line was made to ascend. To the entrance of the Bhore Ghaut, the distance from Bombay by the present highway, including land and water, is about forty miles, the road proceeding through a beautiful valley, which forms the basin of the little river Penn. It is impossible, however, for a railroad to take the shortest way, in consequence of the intervention of a series of formidable salt-water creeks, one of which forms the upper part of Bombay harbour. The railway, therefore, was made to stretch along the island of Bombay, crossing, at Sion, the creek which divides it from the Island of Salsette; then traversing this from end to end, it reaches the mainland by crossing a second creek at Tannah. It then threads its way south-eastward by a devious path through groups of isolated mountains traversing a valley parallel to that through which the old highway passes, and doubling back again on this until it enters it near the base of the ascent. At Callian it throws off a limb to the northward, intended to proceed right across by Jubblepore, ascending by the Tull Ghaut through a series of gorges, spurs, and ravines, quite as picturesque and difficult as that already described, of which does not fall under the present notice.

The first section, as already stated, from Bombay to Tannah, of twenty-

two miles, was opened on the 18th of April, 1853; from Tannah to Callian, twelve and a half miles more, on the 1st of May, 1854; from Callian to Wasind on the Tull Ghaut line, sixteen miles, on the 1st of October, 1855; from Callian to Campolee, at the base of the Bhore Ghaut, thirty-eight miles, on the 12th of May, 1856;—eighty-eight miles in all having been commenced, completed, and opened in five years. There is now in course of construction on the same line 208 miles; this, with the exception of the Bhore Ghaut, to be opened on to Sholapore by the end of 1859; so that, by that date, close on 300 miles will, in the course of nine years, have been commenced and completed. The Bhore Ghaut works are not expected to be completed until 1862, and this by reason of the enormous difficulty of the tunnels. It may be mentioned, before entering on the description of the Bhore Ghaut works, as the result of past experience, that betwixt the 1st of July, 1855, and the 30th of June, 1856, about 500,000 passengers, and 40,000 tons of goods, had been carried along the line without one single accident having occurred.

The passengers travel at about the following rates:—1st class, 2½d. per mile; 2nd class, 1½d. per mile; and 3rd class, ½d. per mile.

It has hitherto been found impossible to allure the natives to make pleasure excursions. Though trains of incredible cheapness have been laid on all the holidays, they have hitherto been resorted to by Europeans only. The native's sole delight, when he has time to spare, is sleep; and that any one should feel pleasure in studying nature, or visiting scenes of the utmost beauty, or for other purposes than pecuniary profit, is a thing to him incredible.

The working surveys have been completed for 1,300 miles, and the construction of this has been sanctioned. The total charge is estimated at £9,000,000, or considerably under 7,000 a mile, and this includes the charge of three stupendous Ghauts, which alone cost not much under £2,000,000 sterling amongst them. In the even country, including large bridges, viaducts, and earthworks, the cost per mile is £5,000.

The Bhore Ghaut works form the subject of our illustrations. The series of ravines which here penetrate the mountains present us with masses of scenery of almost unsurpassable beauty, of which no picture can afford the remotest idea. The rock consists mainly of several varieties of somewhat softish trap, mostly filled with small amygdaloidal cavities. Some of them, indeed, are far from small, presenting caverns from a cubic foot to several cubic yards in capacity, lined with minerals, often of great rarity, and of almost matchless beauty.

The Bhore Ghaut portion of the present road is about seven miles in length. It was constructed in 1832, under the auspices of Sir John Malcolm. Until this date a bridle-road furnished the only means of communication betwixt Bombay and the interior. The ascent of the road is generally about 1 in 10; sometimes it is as steep as 1 in 3: rates of inclination wholly unsuitable for railway purposes. The entire incline has accordingly been lengthened to fourteen miles, with an ascent of 2,000 feet. The easiest slope is 1 in 70; the heaviest, 1 in 37; the average, 1 in 40. There are twelve tunnels in all, giving a total tunnelling of 2,300 yards, or nearly a mile and a half; the longest is 437 yards, the shortest 60 yards. The largest viaduct consists of five arches of 40 feet span each; the centre arch being 150 feet in elevation, both the extreme arches abutting on the rock. The heaviest embankment contains 200,000 yards of earth. The works were commenced in January, 1856, and must be completed in February, 1862. The contract price is £634,000. The American method of zig-zag has been resorted to at a point where neither tunnelling, scarping, nor viaducts could be made available at any reasonable charge. The train here runs out at a siding, the engine then turning, drags it up to the next portion of the incline, the carriage which had previously been the last now taking the lead. About 10,000 work-people are employed in the Ghaut, and the contractor has some 7,000 more in his pay further on.

There are besides about 1,000 bullock-carts, employing 4,000 bullocks and 3,000 bullock men, engaged in carrying railway stores. A ton of powder is consumed daily, and the average charge being 12lb, this gives 200 explosions. The blasting occurs at meal time, when the profound stillness of tropical noon is broken by one burst of explosions from every promontory, from every ravine and scarp, along the whole line of the Ghaut. Trees which have withstood the hurricanes of centuries are snapped like reeds by tons of rock hurled down upon them from the altitude of a thousand feet. Wages are about 6d. a day for able-bodied men, 4d. for women, and 3d. for children, according to the work performed; this being about four times the sum upon which they can live, at least three times that which they have hitherto earned. Nothing can exceed the quietness, decorum, and order which everywhere prevails; it is too great a privilege to obtain work so valuable to peril it by misconduct. There are some twelve or fifteen Europeans employed in the work as superintendents, and the whole arrangements seem as perfect and as exemplary as can be conceived. The railway contractor's establishment here, as at Poonah, is a model of everything an Englishman should be proud of. There is an hospital for the sick, got up and maintained by a Mr. Favel, who offered £200 a year from his own pocket to procure the regular services of a clergyman for himself and his European subordinates. The world affords no more magnificent temple than the Bhore Ghaut, and nowhere is the Christian Sabbath or are religious ordinances more sacredly or solemnly observed than by those engaged in conferring the blessing of railway communication on the people.

The works and scenery in the Bhore Ghaut, with those of the Semmering, connecting the Austrian with the Styrian lines, are amongst the most striking and beautiful in the world. The rock in the Styrian Alps is, however, not by any means so difficult to penetrate as the sheet of flinty trap occasionally encountered in the Bhore Ghaut.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 52.  
DIVORCE.

It has been well known for more than a month past, that the great battle of the session would be the debate on the "Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Bill," sent down to the House of Commons by the Lords. In the House of Peers the bill met with a stern resistance from the Conservatives, and especially from those who belong to the High Church school; but the resistance was overcome, and the bill carried; and as it was carried in the Lords, there could be no doubt that, with time and fair play, it must be carried much more triumphantly in the Commons. Indeed, if the bill had come down earlier perhaps it would have gone through the House without causing much excitement. But the lateness of its appearance excited the hopes of its opponents. To defeat the bill in fair, open, and manly fight, was proved to be impossible on the second reading; but to talk out the time by debating every clause in committee was upon the cards. And hence the strange scenes in the House during the past ten days. From the first entrance of this bill into committee, the tactics of the Opposition were suspected. "We cannot defeat this bill by numbers, but we possibly may by delay. It shall be a trial of physical endurance—a match against time—and inasmuch as we have in the number and capability of our talkers greatly the advantage, it is probable we may succeed. We must of course avoid divisions as much as possible, because in divisions we shall be sure to be beaten; but our tactics must be to talk: at every step, on every clause—nay, if necessary, on every line—to talk. Next week it is the wish of the House, and the Court, and the Government that the Parliament should rise; and though Palmerston threatens to sit until the middle of September, this is only a brag. If he would sit, his men won't; and so to the fight, ye brave Conservatives—'Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he that ies eft hold, enough.'"<sup>1</sup> Our readers may doubt all this, and may suppose that it is mere conjecture; but it is not. It is fact. No compact in *loquaciter veribus* has been made, but it was well understood that this was to be the policy of the Opposition. And it is yet to be seen whether the policy will not succeed. Before this paper sees the light, the success or defeat of this party manoeuvre will be known. The tactics of the Opposition were not only unmasked on the first twenty clauses of the bill, probably because it was hardly safe then to unmask them; but on the twenty-fifth clause (defining the causes of divorce), which from its nature was good battle-ground, they became obvious to the dullest comprehension. The discussion on clause 25 began on the evening of August the 7th, was resumed and continued through the whole of the morning and evening sittings of Thursday the 14th, and also the morning and evening sitting of Friday,

when at length the discussion having fairly burnt out, the opponents were obliged to allow the question "that the clause stand part of the bill" to be put, and to be carried without division. About twenty-four hours were spent in talk about this clause, and as there were still thirty more clauses to be discussed, and some of them, and one especially, the famous clergy clause, offering as fruitful topics of talk as the twenty-fifth, the talking manœuvre seemed to promise success.

## THE FIGHT AND THE FIGHTERS.

Last week we described Sir Richard Bethell walking into the House with the consciousness that he was going to a battle of no ordinary interest, but neither we, nor Sir Richard, nor anyone else, imagined that the fight would be so severe as it was. Nothing like it has occurred in the House of Commons of late years. Well it was that the House was under the strong and resolute rule of Mr. Fitzroy, and not of the weak and nervous presidency of the Speaker. For it required all Mr. Fitzroy's experience, courage, and determination to keep the excited assembly in order; and it was generally admitted that if Mr. Spencer had been in the chair, the whole thing would have gone to chaos. And what a day was that 14th of August for our Attorney-General! Surely one never to be forgotten by the Hon. and Learned Gentleman. An era to date from in his history, and one to be often referred to in after years, when he shall have retired to enjoy his well-won honours, and have nothing to do but to talk over his bygone conflicts, and, like an old soldier, "fight his battles o'er again." It certainly was a sturdy contest—the defence of that 25th clause. For ten hours at a stretch did Sir Richard stand in the "imminent deadly breach" single-handed against such a shower of wordy shots as never flew round Parliamentary chief before. Thirty-one times, as we count them, did Gladstone advance to the attack; and Malins almost as many; while in the intervals, allowing no interruption, a host of minor foes kept up the fire. And alone, with hardly an auxiliary, Sir Richard had to meet them all; and on the whole, well and patiently he met it. At times we thought when some shot from Gladstone evidently damaged his fortifications, he must give back and surrender—but no! in a trice the breach was mended, and the gallant old gentleman was still in his entrenchments, crying "no surrender." And he came off, as he deserved to do, victorious at last. And when the Chairman put the question—"That Clause 25, as amended, stand part of the bill," and declared "the ayes have it," the friends of Sir Richard gave him a hearty cheer.

## MR. GLADSTONE.

When Sir Richard Bethell introduced the bill into the House he anticipated the opposition that it would meet with, and especially that which would come from Mr. Gladstone. But the pertinacity with which the Right Hon. Member for Oxford University fought on this memorable day must have far exceeded all his expectations, and more than justified his expressed opinion that the bill would be opposed by a subtlety and ingenuity that in the Middle Ages would have made his Right Hon. Friend the admiration of the "subtilissimi doctores" of that period. Not only was the clause as a whole denounced, but every line, and almost every principal word was taken up, analysed, traced to its derivative, and its meaning so clouded, that for the time it seemed as if it were impossible to make anything plain by words, and that language was really intended, as Talleyrand said it was, to conceal and not to reveal our thoughts. But it would not do. Mr. Gladstone was not talking to sophists but to plain Englishmen, and, in the end, he gained nothing in the way of votes. Although, if delay was his object, he certainly succeeded in gaining that; and he also was successful in making himself so horse that he could hardly speak, and so exciting himself that some of the members of the House suspected that he was going mad.

## MR. MALINS.

Who in the fight was second to Mr. Gladstone, is of a very different temperament, and of a far inferior order in talent. Gladstone is eloquent, and is always worth listening to; but Malins is a mere dry, logical, wordy lawyer, to listen to whom is about as wearisome a task as any taskmaster ever invented. Of course he has what all successful lawyers have, the talent "of making the worse appear the better reason"—of tearing the argument of an opponent to shreds and tatters—and of proving, apparently to his own satisfaction, that two and two do not make four. But this small talent is exercised in the dullest and driest way imaginable. No feeling, no humour, no sarcasm ever comes from the Honourable Member for Walingford; but he is a mere "logic mill," and, we may add, working without oil. Surely the most unpleasant speaker that ever gained position and money by his talk—and then his *copia verborum*! We will back Mr. Malins to use more words in saying what he intends to say than any other man living could do if he were to give a week's study to every sentence. No mere description, however, can give a right notion of Mr. Malins's verbal talk; we will, therefore, take the liberty to present a specimen, assuring our readers that the sack is like the sample:—"Will the Right Honourable and Honourable Members on the Treasury Bench, led by the Noble Lord at the head of her Majesty's Government, and supported by Right Honourable and Honourable Members on their side of the House, venture to say—will they venture to affirm—that the proposition made by the Noble Lord below me, and supported by Right Honourable and Honourable Members on this side of the House, is not the right and true proposition which ought to be made? I ask the Right Honourable and Learned Friend her Majesty's Attorney-General—I ask the Noble Lord at the head of her Majesty's Government—I ask the Right Hon. and Honourable Members who support my Honourable and Learned Friend the Attorney-General; and I ask it with the strongest confidence, whether the proposition moved by the Noble Lord below me, and supported by Right Honourable and Honourable Members on this side of the House, is not more constitutional, more sound, and more consistent with the objects which my Honourable and Learned Friend the Attorney-General proposes to attain, than that which has been sent down from the Lords, has received the sanction of my Honourable and Learned Friend the Attorney-General, and is supported by the Noble Lord at the head of her Majesty's Government, and by the Right Honourable and Honourable Members who surround him?" Let the reader imagine an hour's talk of this character, delivered with great fluency, considerable action, and in a somewhat nasal tone, and he may possibly form some conception of the oratory of Mr. Malins. On the clauses in question of the Divorce Bill, Mr. Malins almost rivalled Mr. Gladstone in the number of speeches which he made.

## LORD JOHN MANNERS.

The leader of the Opposition proper on this bill is the Right Hon. Lord John James Robert Manners, second son of the late Duke of Rutland, and brother of the present Duke, who sat in the House for many years as Marquis of Granby. Report says that Mr. Disraeli is to resign, or has resigned, his post of leader in favour of Lord John; but we apprehend that this is not the truth, but that the Noble Lord is only leader *pro hac vice*, as the lawyers say. The Noble Lord is not an orator, nor is he a pleasant or commanding speaker. He is fluent, never at a stand for a word, clever and accomplished; but his voice is bad, he knows nothing of the art of modulating it, and his manner is anything but impressive. Hence, though the House, out of deference to his rank and position, always listens to him with decent patience, he never produces the slightest effect. The rest of the combatants we must pass over, for time and space would fail even to enumerate them all.

## TUESDAY THE 18TH.

The pluck and endurance of Lord Palmerston has evidently told upon the Opposition. His announcement that he means to carry the bill at all stops until the month of September has had a sensible effect upon the debate; and it seems possible, though hardly probable, that the House may be prorogued on Saturday. The Ministerial authorities say it may be; the Parliamentary officials affirm that it cannot. Speculation is however useless, as by the time that this sheet is in the hands of its readers all uncertainty will be at an end.

WRECK OF A GOVERNMENT TRANSPORT.—The transport ship Julia, Captain M'Gregor, having on board a part of the 4th Troop Horse Artillery from the Persian Gulf for Bombay, was lost while leaving Kurrachee Harbour on the 29th ult. A sergeant, three European and nine native troopers, and a ship's lascar of the Hyderes, unfortunately lost their lives.



## THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS—NO. V.

## LIBERALS.



G. A. ROBUCK (SUFFIELD).  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



JAMES WILSON (DEVONPORT).  
FROM A RECENT SKETCH.



HON. P. J. TOOKE KING (EAST SURREY).  
FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.



SIR R. PEEL (TAMWORTH).  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



LORD ALTHORP (NORTHAMPTONSHIRE).  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.



RIGHT HON. J. A. STUART WORTLEY (BUTESHIRE).  
FROM A DRAWING BY RICHMOND.



LORD LINCOLN (NEWARK).  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.



G. BOWYER (DUNDALK).  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENNAH AND KENT, BRIGHTON.



SIR J. HANMER (FLINT BOROUGH).  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.



SIR ALEXANDER RAMSAY (ROCHDALE).  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.



ROBERT A. SLANEY (SHREWSBURY).  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.



G. D. P. RICCROFT (LEEDS).  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS FALL.

## CONSERVATIVES.



RIGHT HON. EDWARD CARDWELL (OXFORD).  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.



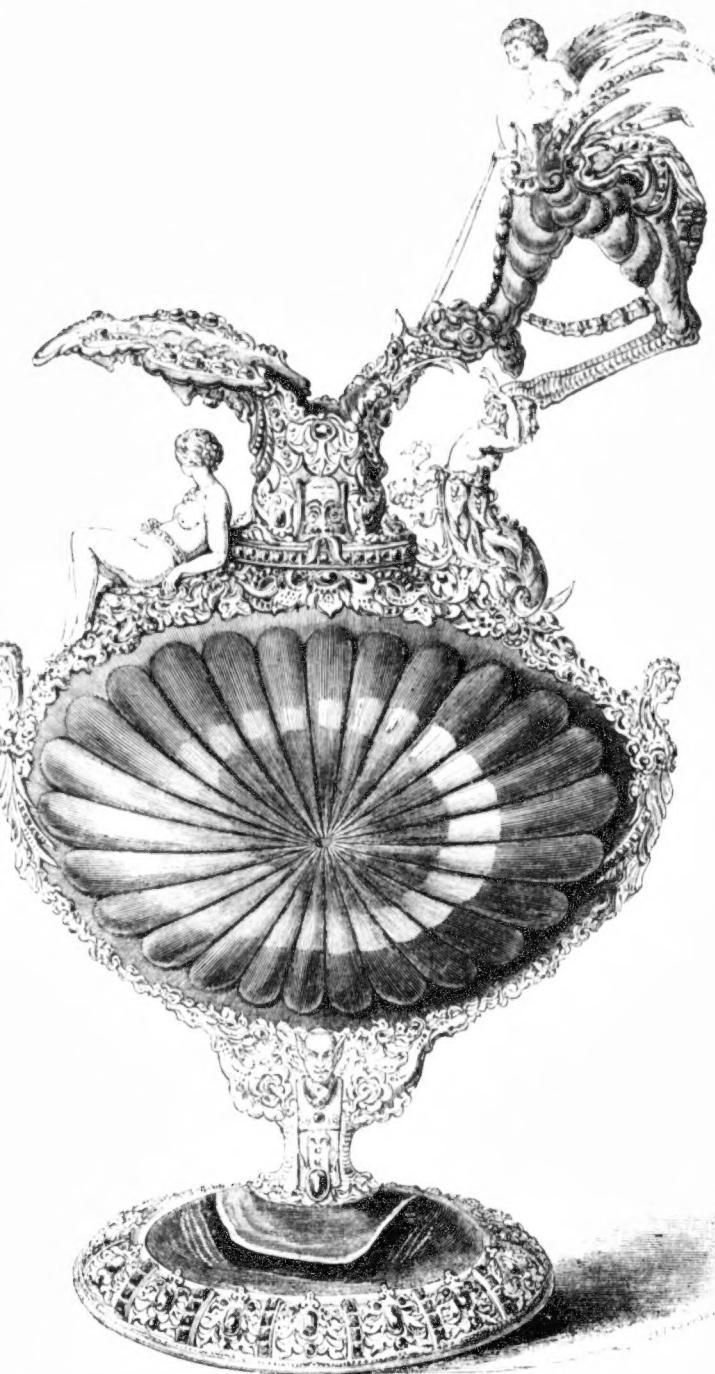
J. BRAMLEY-MOORE (MALDON).  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.



W. H. ADAMS (BOSTON).  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GOLESBY, BOSTON.



ARTHUR MILES (TAUNTON).  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

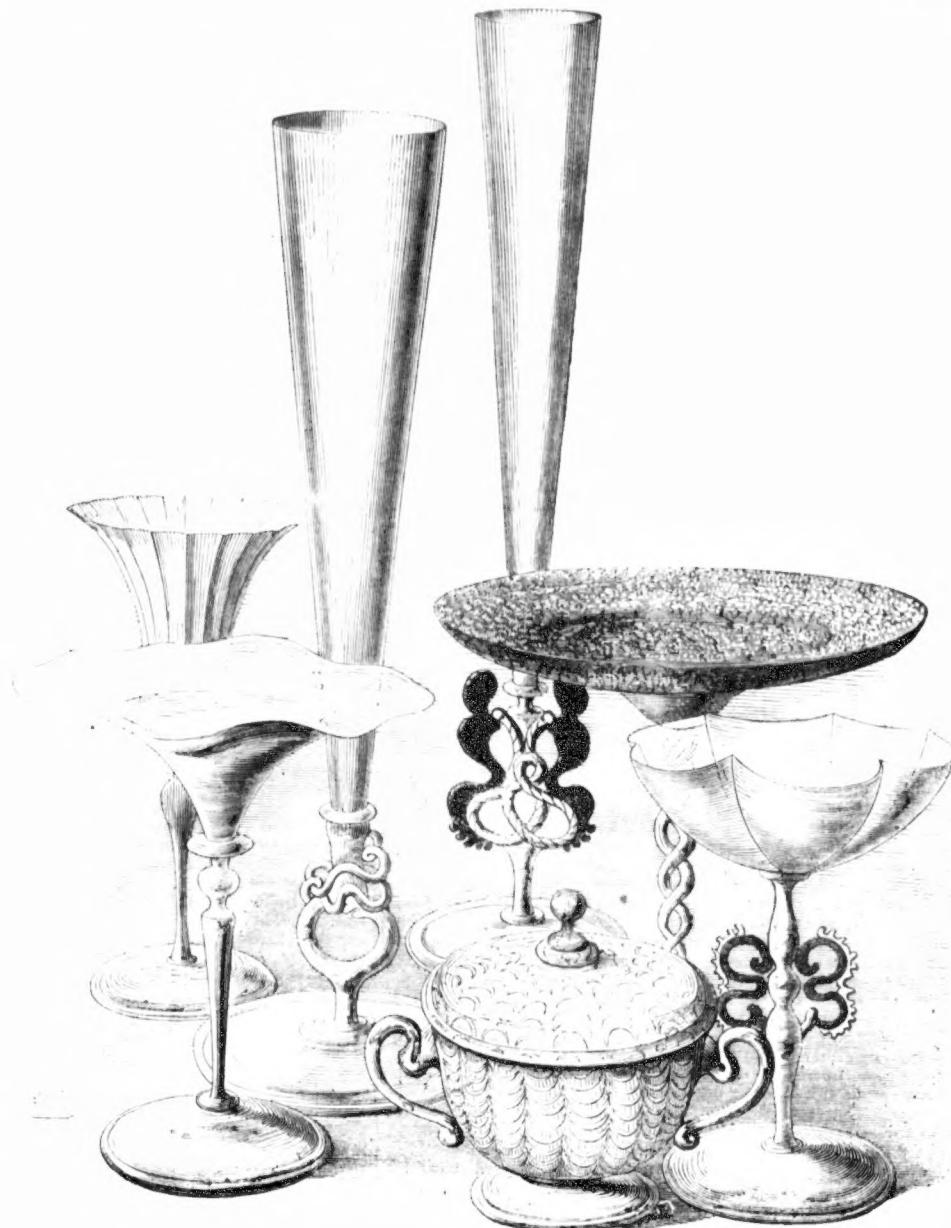


AN EWER OF SARDONYX, THE PROPERTY OF THE VISCOUNTESS BERESFORD.

The silver-gilt Ewer beneath is bold and original in form; the chasing is extremely rich, and the workmanship Italian, of a somewhat later period.

The engraving of the group of Ornamental Venetian Glass gives but a poor idea of the exquisite beauty of the objects themselves, as the delicate shades of blue colour which are interspersed about the bowls or stems of several among them, add so highly to the effect. The Venetians are supposed to have acquired their first knowledge of the manufacture of glass from

EXAMPLES OF ART-WORKMANSHIP FROM THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.  
THE subjects we have this week engraved in continuation of our series, selected from the Museum of Ornamental Art in the Manchester Exhibition, are every one of them from works of the very highest character. The first, an Ewer of sardonyx mounted in gold and enriched with precious stones, is of the choicest Italian workmanship, and is supposed to belong to the early part of the 16th century. In former days it was one of the Crown jewels of the Court of France, but was sold at the time of the Revolution by decree of the National Assembly, shortly after the execution of the King.



GROUP OF VENETIAN GLASS (16TH AND 17TH CENTURIES).

the part they took in the capture of Constantinople in 1204. This was greatly extended by the subsequent emigration to Italy of Greek artists; and early in the 15th century we find the Venetians celebrated for their magnificent bowls, salvers, and bottles richly enamelled over with armorial bearings and devices. They moreover revived certain processes in the manufacture which had been neglected since the time of the Romans, such as imbedding glass mosaics, and enclosing coloured glass reeds and threads in crystal previously prepared. Then



A SILVER-GILT EWER, THE PROPERTY OF LORD ILCHESTER.



AN ENGRAVED STEEL CASKET, THE PROPERTY OF E. HAILSTONE, ESQ.

they began to produce frosted and embossed crystal, the subjects in the latter being blown hollow from within; and finally they succeeded in inserting minute particles of gold into crystal in such a way as to form regular patterns.

The engraved steel casket is a very choice piece of sixteenth century workmanship. The front and sides are ornamented with arched compartments, having well-designed figures beneath. The ground of this portion has evidently been originally gilt. The lock is most elaborately constructed with thirty-six bolts, which bolts may be noticed on the inner side of the lid. This we presume firmly closed itself on being merely shut down, as was the case with most of these old fashioned pieces of furniture. The reader will remember the story of Geneva told by Rogers in his poem of "Italy," how in a playful spirit she sought to secrete herself on her wedding-day, and chose for her hiding place a chest that closed, we may suppose, on just such a principle as this; and how she was searched for in every nook and cranny, but was never seen alive again; and how her skeleton was discovered after years, when the story of her fate had almost passed out of mind. The story of Geneva has been rendered popular in an English form in the well-known song of the "Mistletoe Bough."

## THE BADDINGTON PEERAGE.

BEING THE LIVES OF THEIR LORDSHIPS.

A STORY OF THE BEST AND THE WORST SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

(Continued from page 126.)

### CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

LORD BADDINGTON MEETS WITH AN UNEXPECTED SHOCK.

A GENTLEMAN'S carriage in the crowded, narrow streets of the city always puzzles me mightily. It seems to me a social anomaly. I look on it as I would at a fly in amber—[did I ever happen to see such a phenomenon? which I never did]. I met the Archbishop of Canterbury's chariot once in Barbican: fat purple footmen, mitred panels, shovel hat, and silk apron inside, complete. I am sure I followed the vehicle full two hundred yards, and I daresay the devout bystanders thought I was desirous of craving the archiepiscopal benediction. His Grace did not bless me: but I blessed myself if I could account for his presence in that dingy locality. What do the drones so near the working bees? What did the purple and fine linen of Lambeth Palace so near the greasy corduroy and foul cotton rags of Smithfield and Whitecross Street? What could J. B. Cantuar want in Barbican? The only private carriage one ought to see in the city is the Lord Mayor's coach.

Similar thoughts may have come over peripatetic philosophers in 1835, as the patent axle-wheels of Viscount Baddington's carriage honoured the stones of the Old Bailey with their almost noiseless revolution, and as, his Lordship inside the vehicle, the horses' heads were turned Mayfair-wards. And of a truth his Lordship seemed in strange companionship; for a butcher's boy in a suet cart, with a trotting pony, dared follow immediately behind the vice-comital carriage, whistling defiantly, and ever and anon addressing irreverent witicism to the vice-comital footmen, principally directed against the gleaming calves of those officials; while before the carriage had the impertinence to rattle on a vile knacker's-cart bound to Cow Cross, an unseemly van, in front of which sat two coarse men, with short pipes in their mouths, and the hinder end of which was occupied by the remains of a defunct cab-horse; his poor head and neck hanging over the tail-board, and swaying to and fro in a ghastly manner, to the barking of a yelping cur, which followed behind, radiant with the prospect of teeming dog's-meat barrows, and over-loaded skewers.

Now in those days it had occurred (not for the first or the last time in the history of the world) to certain commissioners, or works, or boards, or contractors, to tear up the pavement of London streets, and lay bare the vitals of the city, exposing the mysteries of its gaspipes and the secrets of its sewers. Not that there was anything particularly the matter with the gas or the sewers, or the pavement just then; but I suppose the Board thought it a good thing; and the excavators and mudlarks, who went down dirty and came up dirtier, thought it a better, working a little and smoking a great deal, with considerable patriotic enthusiasm; while that wonderful army of people who never seem to have anything to do—that army of all ages and all sexes who "moon" about the streets, blinking at the print shops, or glazing over a fallen omnibus-horse, or nosing street accidents as Hamlet nosed King Claudius's chamberlain in the lobby, those wonder-seekers stand gazing vaguely upwards as if they expected the sky to rain roasted potatoes, a shoal of sucking-pigs in full aerial flight, a comet to hit the Admiralty telegraph with its tail, or the lion on the top of Northumberland House to perform that long-promised feat of wagging: to these good people the dismemberment of the thoroughfares was the very best thing that could have happened. The print-shop windows were deserted immediately; and round every unsavoury trench there gathered groups of "mooneers," from the wealthy-looking old gentleman with the vacant face, the buff waistcoat, and watch-seals; the doctor's-boy with the covered basket containing that "mixture as before," with which if he doesn't make haste Moribund, the sick man, will do without as well as with; to that inscrutable lone female with the scanty shawl, the pinched blue nose, and the key hanging from her finger, opening, I am sure, nothing but a phantom door in Shadowland—who is the most pertinacious "mooner" I know, who sometimes has a half-starved looking girl with her, and who ever and anon scrubs her blue nose-tip with a corner of the scanty shawl in question. They stared and stared as though a very dirty ditch were a mine of Golconda, and as though Roman remains were to be thrown up at every turn of the spade.

"What the deuce are you going down these back streets for instead of Fleet Street?"

He had put his noble head out of the window, and so deigned to address his coachman.

"Fleet Street all up, my Lord," he answered. "Strand all up as far as Hexeter Change, so the pleaseman says. Can't go no other way, my Lord."

"Drive on," cried the Peer pettishly. "I wish I had walked," he muttered, as the carriage slowly pursued its way through a maze of narrow and unwholesome thoroughfares.

He did not seem at his ease, Lord Viscount Baddington. Some slight seemed to have fallen on him in Newgate; and, the truth must be told, notwithstanding the penalties denounced against *scandalum magnum*, his Lordship, notwithstanding the juvenility of his costume and make-up, looked quite an old, old man. He tossed to and fro on his luxurious squabs, like a peevish invalid who loathes his couch of down from long lying thereon. He plucked at the tassels of the window-blinds; he crossed and uncrossed his patent-leather booted legs; he settled, unsettled, and re-settled his wig—forbid it, delicacy!—I mean his curly head of hair.

"Was ever a fellow tormented as I am! At home and abroad, night and day. As if I had not quite enough trouble with those infernal lawyers, and the middle the estates are in, and the difficulty of raising ready money. Then there's Généviève, and that precious nephew of mine. The young villain will be in town soon, I suppose." He gave a sudden start and shudder here, as though he had suffered an acute twinge of the gout; then resuming—"Upon my word, Charles Falcon, I'll have you out, were you twenty times my grand-nephew—what a nephew too! faugh!—if you make love to my wife. I'll blow your brains out, I will. I wonder what Généviève wants with that fellow with the picture under his arm. She's very fond of painting, dear, darling, lovely angel. What an incomparable little devil it is, to be sure!"

This was rather an abrupt termination to so complimentary an exordium, in the case of the lady the Viscount spoke of as Généviève. He seemed to think so himself, for from beneath his gorgeous underwaistcoats he drew forth a dainty little *flagree* locket, attached to a chain, and in which was set the miniature of a very beautiful girl, whose light curling hair encircled her face like a golden glory.

"I wish we were at Baden again," the Peer again soliloquised, as he replaced the locket in his bosom. "Ah, dear me! dear me! why did I ever bring her to England. I might live there in comfort upon half what

I spend in England! I might get an embassy abroad, too, somewhere. How she would shine in society? How she would flit—confound her; confound me, what a jealous old fool I am!"

For though all men are liars, and the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, there are times when the unadulterated truth wells up from that oft-choked up and polluted spring; and Lord Baddington spoke the truth for once.

"If I had staved abroad," he continued, "I should have avoided that unluring desperation—that hyena, who only wants to be let out of his cage to tear my flesh and everybody else's flesh off their bones. What a ruffian the fellow is; what a cool, calculating, brazen-faced, incorrigible scoundrel! He'll leech and leech, and drain and drain me to the last drop. Suppose I were to repudiate him; suppose I were to dare him to do his worst? Suppose he were to divulge his story to the jail governor or the jail chaplain, would any one credit him? Once suppose him guilty, who would believe a convicted felon? I'm sure I'm not so fond of my nephew Gervase's bastard brood as to keep the story of their mother's shame a secret, at the price of two thousand pounds, and perhaps more. Still there's the honour of the family, still there's—. By Jupiter," he interposed, interrupting himself, "I wish the Baddington Peerage, its heir-apparent, and all its belongings, were in the infernal regions."

Then a spirit came and stood over against Lord Baddington in his softly-cushioned chariot; and, though he saw it not, almost made the hair of his flesh stand up. And the spirit said, though it was voiceless, "Lord of Baddington, Lord of Baddington, if Généviève, thy wife, would but bring forth a male child, how happy wouldst thou be to transfer the coronet thou must one day lay down from thy hated grand-nephew to his baby brow? how happy thou wouldst be, if the brute Polyblawke were to declare the shame of thy kinsman and kinswomen, and of the woman their mother, from the highest belfry in London town!" And lo! as the spirit faded away from the eyes of the nobleman's soul, he made unto himself another day-dream, of a young mother very faint and pale, but with a smile like unto that of an angel on her beautiful face; and of a child in rich garments of lace being dandled by a nurse; and of a delighted old man walking to and fro in a dining-room, and excitedly shaking a doctor by the hand. A very mild, discreet doctor too, clad in raven black: Sir Paracelsus Fleem, vice-president of the College of Surgeons, and the king's own doctor, no less. And then, which was very strange in a man sixty-five years old, some tears began to roll from the eyes that had the crow's feet beneath, and they traced out little rivulets in the island of rouge on the wrinkled cheeks.

Crash!

There was a shout from a crowd, a gathering round of bystanders, a tumult, and a murmuring, and a host of conflicting directions given, in voices hoarse or shrill.

The journey through the back streets had culminated in that *cloaca maxima* of blocked up thoroughfares, Drury Lane. There had of course been a stand-still; a gigantic coal-wagon was ahead of the Baddington carriage; an enormous van, laden with huge tubs, and bales, and packing-cases, was behind. There had been a false alarm of the way being clear, and the van had pressed forward. The coal-wagon, on its part, made a retrograde movement, and the consequence was that the carriage, jammed up between the two plebeian vehicles, came to most signal and lamentable grief.

Lord Baddington was startled from his reverie by the sudden collision. The back part of the panel was smashed completely through, and the aged Peer was thrown violently forward, and a moment afterwards was taken out of his carriage stunned. It was the narrowest part of Drury Lane, close to Wych Street, and over against the quaint tumble-down little tavern which is fondly held by tradition to have been the favourite resort of the versatile sixteen-string Jack—a great man, but not understood by the age in which he lived. Who is understood by his age? The next age will understand Mr. Agar, the next may perhaps understand me. The back part of Lord Baddington's carriage was all smashed to pieces, his Lordship lay insensible within; one of the costly horses had fallen, the coachman had been thrown off the box; the funkeys had discreetly jumped off the foot-board just before the collision: it was altogether a very pretty piece of business; and, of course, nobody was to blame. We had the driver of the coal-wagon's own word for that, and his brother of the goods-van endorsed his opinion warmly.

They picked the coachman up. He, luckily for himself, though not quite so fortunately for the horse, had been pitched fairly on to the back of one of those animals, and beyond a multiplicity of bruises, and the utter ruin of his cauliflower wig, got no hurt from his involuntary equestrian feat. But with the noble inmate of the carriage the case was different. They lifted him out, quite insensible. He had no wound; no fracture of a limb; it was the shock, people said.

There had been great cries all this time of "run for a doctor," and the advisers of that rational course of proceedings had set a bright example, by crowding round the injured man, and doing their best towards excluding the air from him and hampering the movements of those who were lifting him up. The intelligence that it was a "swell" who had been hurt, spread with great rapidity; and from all the filthy little alleys and courts between Charles Street on the one side, and Buckridge Street on the other, came trooping forth a ragged contingent of the lowest orders of English and Irish, who gazed with avidity at the ruined carriage, as though it had been a bark shipwrecked on the wildest shore in Cornwall, and they were land-pirates, craving for plunder, and already dividing the rich cargo among themselves.

There was no need to run very far for medical assistance; for there was a chemist's shop not half-a-dozen yards distant; and this fact, having by a most curious coincidence occurred to about half-a-dozen persons at once, Lord Baddington was carried thither, still insensible, on the braced arms of half-a-dozen men.

It was a dark, dank, dangerous-looking, low-browed little shop, whose windows, apparently, had never been washed since the flood. As to painting, it very probably had never undergone that operation at all: its ironage and door being simply of the colour of dirt, and dirty. There were red and blue bottles in the windows; but the red one was broken, and the blue fast muddling into green, and both were lamentably dingy. There was one blister on view, curled up and brown, like a child's gingerbread "mumbo jumbo," by long dryness and disuse, and which had been some years ago, I presume, a slough of despond to innumerable flies who had perished miserably in its cantharidian stickiness. There was a placard relating to leeches, there was a white jar, labelled "tamarinds;" but it had a broken top, and held not tamarinds, but dust. There was the model of a horse in plaster of Paris, and which had but three legs, performing an eternal goose-step, with a bunch of herbs slung across his back. There were a good many bunches of herbs, of an indescribably soiled, mouldy, unholy, magician's-laboratory look, hanging up; and these, with some dingy roots, gave rise to the assumption that the proprietor of the establishment added the calling of an herbalist to his other avocations. It was a shop, in fine, that it seemed inappropriate to call a "chemist's" or a "druggist's." It was emphatically a "doctor's shop," where they sold "doctor's stuff."

A grim cat, with an evil eye, and a brindled coat, very dingy and rusty in hue, was *conchant* in one of the upper window panes, and lay there stealthily watching the crowd, as though they were so many mice, and she were waiting for a convenient opportunity to rend them in pieces, and devour them.

The door of the doctor's shop was fastened, and it was only after considerable rattling thereat, agitating a rusty knocker, and pulling at a cracked bell, that the door itself was opened, as far as the chain which secured it inside would allow, and a head was presented through the aperture. It was the head of a middle-aged man, rather bald, and garnished with hair that was of the colour of hay, and whiskers that were of the hue of straw.

"What do you want?" he not very courteously asked, for one who spoke with so soft a voice.

"Accident," shouted the many voices. "Gent met with a accident.

Let us in. Make haste, Dawdle." "Go to Doctor Pybus, lower down," answered the bald-headed little man. "I don't take in accidents. Be off."

There were many cries of indignant remonstrance at this inhospitable reply. The doctor seemed to be well known, and not very favourably so, among his neighbours; for shouts arose of "Old screw!" "Taint heart," "Sold himself to the devil," "Who poisoned the baby?" and the like; and one little boy, fired with a virtuous indignation, availed himself of the tortuous opportunity, boldly to smash the left-hand bottom corner window-pane with his hoop-sticks; and then, his young heart aching him, took to flight, and was never seen running till he got to Broad Street, St. Giles's.

The bald-headed man had withdrawn that last-named portion of his animal economy, and was preparing, so it seemed, to close the door altogether, when a big brewer's drayman thrust his long arm forward, and caught the Doctor by the collar.

"You wizened hanty of a bilby Jew," he cried, "if you don't let us in, we'll smash every winder in your mangy crib—we will, by Jerry!"

But just then the surging of the crowd brought the body of the injured Peer full in sight of the Doctor.

"God bless my soul," he cried; "it's his Lordship, Viscount Baddington. Why didn't you tell me so before, stupid? Come in, come in! Stand aside, good people, for Heaven's sake!"

So there bore Lord Baddington in; and the crowd, after a desperate effort to follow him, in which they were baffled by the almost instantaneous closing and locking of the door, consol'd themselves by glueing their noses to the window-pane, and frightening the grim brindled cat away from her lair.

I think I forgot to tell you that on the entablature above the shop there was, in half-efaced characters, this inscription:—

TINCTOP, GENERAL PRACTITIONER.

(To be continued.)

### LAW AND CRIME.

THE assize at Croydon, on the Home Circuit, has afforded an arena for the contest of several interesting cases. There was the great cause of Lyle v. Herbert, in which an injured husband had had recourse to an instrument of wires and pulleys, to test the sincerity of his wife's affection, which, as might have been expected toward any husband with whom such contrivances found favour, was discovered to be adverse to the happiness of her partner. He obtained a verdict for what the jury thought the love of such a wife for such a husband to be worth, to a fraction, and carried off a judgment for a farthing.

A man, named Stokes, formerly a beer-shopkeeper in the Kent Road, who has been recently twice insolvent, and once remanded for eight months to Middlesex for seizing and selling about fifty pounds' worth of goods, upon which Stokes had borrowed two hundred on a bill of sale. After a miserable apology for a case had been opened, his counsel proposed to withdraw a juror; the effect of which is to stay proceedings, and leave each party to pay his own costs. The counsel for the defence acceded to this, openly stating that had the verdict been for the defendant, there would have been no chance of recovering a fraction as costs from the plaintiff. It came out that the attorney who brought the action for the plaintiff was one Mr. John Curling. Then the bar and auditory were entertained with the cause of "Barnett v. Reade." Mr. Barnett is what people connected with the Strand Theatre call a dramatic author. Mr. Reade can translate French, and is therefore entitled to the same honourable designation. An international copyright act had been passed, and Mr. Reade had purchased the right of translating a French play called "Les Pauvres de Paris." Mr. Barnett and another gentleman, who once played the "heavy father" at the Strand Theatre, secured a copy of this play. The "heavy father," as a matter of course, did not understand French. However, the two together managed to work up "Les Pauvres de Paris" into the style of literary garbage admired by the folks who get orders for the Strand. A fellow was made to stick a candle into a bottle, stuff a chink in a wall with a table-cloth, and eat four ounces of beef from a cook-shop; and these incidents being styled original, were expected to save the British "authors" from the penalties of literary piracy. The piece, moreover, concluded with an original prologue, spoken by a female. The concluding words of the *finale* are happily preserved to posterity, and run thus:—

"May we with your permission say 'all right,'

And reckon on a repeat-to-morrow night?"

Mr. Reade appears to have judged from the title of the Strand piece that it was a translation of the French piece, in which he had invested a certain amount of capital. He therefore published a note, purporting to be signed by his attorney, claiming a right in the piece, and warning all concerned in its production against infringement of his proprietorship. It is true that the advertisement, although purporting to be signed by Mr. Reade's attorney, was not so in fact, Mr. Reade having in a hasty moment simply used his attorney's name to a notice which any lawyer would have known to be utterly worthless. Nevertheless appears, from the counsel's statement of the plaintiff's case, that this notice had a wonderful effect upon the actors, who were so frightened therewith, that they actually performed worse than usual! The Strand piece, such as it was, was performed notwithstanding; and when it ceased to draw, which soon happened, it was sold to the Victoria for £2, where, as the "heavy father" deplored in evidence, "it was as successful as such pieces usually are." It was never printed, and of course not registered under the Copyright Act. The action was brought against Mr. Reade for alleged "slander of title" in the notice inserted in the "Era." After evidence for the plaintiff had been heard, the question as to the legal right of the plaintiff to the copyright of their piece, and the effect upon such right of the non-registration, and the amount of damage sustained (if any), was postponed for further consideration.

At the same assize, there was tried an action "Lambert v. Sidebottom." It may be remembered that some time since Mr. Sidebottom was plaintiff in an action against one Atkins, a gaming-house keeper, for money out of which Mr. Sidebottom had been swindled. The plaintiff obtained a verdict, and on putting in execution for his judgment, found the goods claimed under an alleged bill of sale. The action by Lambert was what is called an "interpleader," to establish the validity of the bill of sale, and it is pleasant to find that Mr. Sidebottom gained the day.

A paragraph, headed "Extraordinary Commitment," appears in most of the papers, and details the case of a young man, sentenced to 21 days' imprisonment, for carrying off a bottle, a cup and saucer, and a spoon from the refreshment station at Swindon. We are not disposed to find fault with the commitment. On one of the principal lines from London, a refreshment station is now closed to excursionists on account of the numerous robberies of utensils which have been committed by dishonest travellers.

Mr. Hall, of Bow Street, in deciding last week against a peasant policeman, complained that he had been blamed by the press for showing undue favour to the police, but said that he treated all such aspersions with contempt. Now if he really treated them with contempt, he would take no notice of them. He added that he should always decide such cases according to his conscience. If Mr. Hall thinks himself justified by acting according to his conscience, he ought surely to allow a like privilege to the gentlemen of the press, who only comment upon his acts according to their conscientious opinions. It is, however, gratifying to learn that cases in which policemen are concerned are really thus decided. More than one case, in our experience, had tended to induce a belief that influences had been brought to bear upon some of our magistrates, to induce them to abstain, as far as possible, from giving decisions calculated to demonstrate the fallibility of the force. When Mr. Hall tells us this is not the case, we believe him.

THE MURDER NEAR DURHAM.—We last week reported a very brutal murder committed by an old man named Megee, upon his old wife, after a day spent in drinking together. A coroner's jury has returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against Megee.

THE ALLEGED POISONING AT PONTEFRACT.—At the adjourned inquest on the body of John Speed, at Pontefract, it was proved by medical testimony, that he had died from the effects of arsenic, and there being a strong case of suspicion against Fanny Speed, his wife, a verdict of Wilful Murder was returned against her. It was shown that she was on terms of familiarity with a seaman, named Benjamin Wilks, and that she had been heard to wish her husband dead that she might marry this man.

## POLICE.

**MAGISTERIAL BENIGNITY.**—A man about 35 years of age, the magistrate at Westminster on Saturday, was before the magistrate at Westminster on Saturday, under the following circumstances.

He said that he was ticket-of-leave man. He had been wanted to come, for which he had suffered the penalties of the law, and now, once again at large, had the desire to get an honest living, but had not the means of doing so.

Mr. Painter.—What trade are you?

Mr. Painter.—Have you any means of procuring employment for your trade?

Mr. Painter.—No, I have not; and indeed I am unable to do so through asthma.

Mr. Painter.—By what means do you then think you could procure a living?

Applicant.—By selling things in the street or by any other means of employment that my strength will enable me to do.

Mr. Painter.—Is there anything known of this man?

Sergeant Low, a detective officer of the B division, said he knew the man well. His name was Ingram, and he had been a notorious thief, who in 1852 was transported for seven years for felony. He had returned about three weeks ago, and immediately applied to witness to know what he could do, and entreated him to procure him some employment. He believed the applicant was most sincere in his desire to reform.

Mr. Painter was glad to hear it, and gave applicant the means to start as a costermonger.

Applicant was very thankful.

**THE SURVEY GARDENS.**—Mr. Lane, the rate-collector of the parish of St. Mary's, Newington, in which the Survey Gardens are situated, appeared before the Hon. G. C. Norton with two summonses against the directors of the Survey Gardens Company, one for £50 5s. and the other for £1 1s. excess of rates.

When the cases were called on, Mr. Gun, the chief clerk, informed the magistrate that the summonses had only been taken out on the preceding afternoon, and had not been served until that morning, and he supposed that owing to the shortness of the notice, there was no any person from the Company present. He, Mr. Gun, had, however, sent an officer to the gardens with message that Mr. Lane was in attendance, and requesting to know what it was the wish of the directors on the subject. The officer had just returned with a morning paper which had been handed to him by the secretary, and which that gentleman requested he would hand to his Worship, in which the Royal Survey Gardens Company (limited) appeared in the list of bankrupts.

Mr. Norton observed that the notice to meet the summonses was too short, and put off the hearing till Wednesday next.

## REMARKABLE SENSE OF HUMOUR IN A BURGLAR.—

Ernest Bevis was charged with robbery.

Mr. William Giberton is an oil and colourman in the Hoxton Road, and retired to bed at two o'clock on Sunday morning, having expected that the whole of his house was secured.

"About half-past three," said Mr. Giberton,

"I was woken with the most violent pains in my back, and my wife got out of bed to get some oil off the nail-stile to rub with, when all of a sudden she stumbled over something or somebody upon the floor, which so alarmed her that she screamed out.

I jumped out of bed immediately, and found the room door wide open, which I knew I had closed when we went to bed, and, hearing a noise on the stairs, I awoke over the hamisters, and perceiving a man at the bottom of them, I called out. Then I went to the front window and called for the police, and on one of them coming up I called my head in again, got a light, and on going to the front door saw the prisoner in custody. I then examined the house, and found that an entrance had been forced; that a large box in our bed-room had been actually snatched, consisting of various portions of wearing apparel, all strewn about the floor; and that a silver watch and numerous other articles, which were safe when we went to bed, had been stolen."

Mr. Giberton, 150 N, said—I heard the cry of "Police" from the prosecutor at his window, and from what he told me I ran out to the back of the house just in time to see the prisoner drop from the wall. He had neither shoes nor stockings on, but I found those in his pockets. On the way to the station, he said to me, "I should have done it nice and clean hadn't the woman got out of bed for the oil, and I may thought I must have caught her at right hearing their conversation; I was obliged to hold my hand tight over my mouth to prevent it. It's of no use denying it, of course; I will take the articles from the box, except the watch; that I dropped in the street." The prisoner's hands and feet were bleeding very much, and on examining the place I found a slight broken.

The prisoner, who heartily laughed at the scene he had described to the officer, had nothing to say in defence, and, the depositions having been taken, he was fully committed to Newgate for trial.

## ILLEGAL SALE BY A PAWBROKER.—

At the Westminster Police-court, on Tuesday, Mr. Parkes, pawnbroker, King's Road, Chelsea, was summoned by Mrs. Mallett, for neglecting to deliver to her articles pledged at his house.

Defendant's foreman said that at the time the articles were pawned they were very busy in the shop, and the things could not be found. The lady was asked if she would come again, and consented, but said she could not come for a fortnight. On the following Monday the pledge was found, and kept four months, when it was sold. A period of nearly seven months elapsed before the lady again applied for her property.

The complainant said, that on the 1st of March, 1857, she was residing in the country, but being short of cash on a visit to London, she pawned a matador bracelet, set in silver, a child's coral and bells, and a belt with a bell-tassel, for £1, at defendant's shop. In February last she went to redeem them, and tendered the principal and interest. She saw the foreman, and he informed her that he could not find the pledge. He then asked her if she could come again, when she replied that it was very awkward, as she was not residing in London, upon which he observed that at any time when she called the things should be forthcoming. Nothing whatever was said about any specific time, and complainant had to wait till a friend, who had possession of the ticket, came to town a few days ago, before she again applied, and was then informed the property was sold.

Mr. Arnold inquired the value of the things.

Complainant assessed them at £5 2s. 6d.

The pawnbroker observed that this being a pledge above £1, it was bound to be sold by public auction, where it had only fetched 15s., which he produced his books to show.

Mr. Arnold said that it struck him the pawnbroker was wrong in sending the articles for sale. The complainant had once required by law to entitle her to recover the pledge, and he was unable to find it and give it up when demanded, he had no right to sell it. When she tendered the principal and interest, and offered to redeem, the property passed from the pawnbroker to the pawn; it had ceased to be a pledge owing a right to sell, and defendant held it no longer as a pawnbroker but as an ordinary bailee.

The pawnbroker repeated his notion that he was clearly entitled to sell.

Mr. Arnold again intimated his strong impression that he was not the right, the law gave him as a pawnbroker a means from the lady's application to redeem. As the case was one of considerable importance, he would adjourn it in order to give Mr. Parkes an opportunity of attending personally, and the lady of proving by other testimony the value of the pledge.

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Mr. Arnold again intimated his strong impression that he was not the right, the law gave him as a pawnbroker a means from the lady's application to redeem. As the case was one of considerable importance, he would adjourn it in order to give Mr. Parkes an opportunity of attending personally, and the lady of proving by other testimony the value of the pledge.

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